THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 34. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899. NO. 40.

NEW STORE. FRESH GOODS.

CRAMER'S

Popular Variety Store

New line of winter Coats and Capes. Elegant in texture and make.

Newest styles in Fancy Dress patterns.

Fine line of Ready-made Clothing of the best manufacture.

Ladies' - Furnishing - Goods.

Tinware, Glassware,
Silverware, Dishes, by sets,
One hundred piece
Dinner and Tea Sets,
Crockery,
Lamps, Lanterns,
Clocks,
Table Oil Cloth,
Clothes Wringers,
Window Shades, Wall Paper,
Sewing Machines,

D. F. CRAMER,
Emporium, Pa.

Dress Goods.

We assert that our showing of Dress Goods for Autumn wear is without a peer in the matter of variety and refined selection—a claim that is supported by a volume of business which is wholly unprecedented and is still rapidly growing.

Not only are these offerings superior, but the prices are most favorable.

These novelties must be seen to be appreciated.

Fall Capes AND Jackets

This department is unusually active, and purchasers are reaping the benefit of the forehanded methods which gave us a large stock of Jackets and Capes for this season's trade, at prices extremely low for first-class garments.

Fashion has been kind in her plans this fall. Her decree seldom bends with economy; but for once the two are yoke mates.

The latest Fall Styles are here at the LOW prices that have made this department so well known.

BE SURE AND COME IN EARLY.

M. C. TULIS.

LOCAL NOTICES.

N. SEGER is preparing to display a fine line of clothing and gents' furnishings, for Holiday shoppers.

RELIGIOUS.—We expect to begin revival meetings in the Free Methodist church on Fifth street, Dec. 5th, 1899.
H. H. BRADLEY, Pastor.

FOR SALE.—One span of good, heavy draught-horses, at a bargain. Price away down.
MRS. N. E. TAYLOR,
4C-2t Sterling Run.

LADIES! clean your kid gloves with Miller's Glovine, for sale only by Balcom & Lloyd, headquarters for kid gloves and the famous Dartmouth gloves; all the latest shades. 5-ly

FOR SALE.—A number of fine dwellings and properties for sale in Emporium. Well located and provided with all modern conveniences. Terms reasonable. Inquire of
B. W. GREEN,
38-4t. C. W. SHAFFER.

"GOSH, JOHN! I don't believe it pays to get medicine compounded. Just you take it to Taggart's and get one of his thirty-five cent mixtures. You know he has been mixing upwards of thirty years and he has got it down fine."

HELLO, JOHN! I remember what you told me last week. How you saved fifteen cents on that four ounce bottle and having a prescription I just went down to Taggart's and got it filled. Of course it wasn't "compounded" but he got a mighty good mix on it and it knocked that grip of mine out the first round.

THANKSGIVING DAY is the one day in all the year when we are best prepared to give bargains in clothing; as we are thankful for the most successful business year in our history, we are thankful for your generous patronage in the past, thankful that we have clothing bargains to offer you, and thankful that we have been spared to serve you on another Thanksgiving Day. N. SEGER.

LECTURE.—Hon. W. L. Woodcock, of Altoona, a member of the Board of Control of the Epworth League, will deliver a lecture in the M. E. church, Friday evening of this week. Mr. Woodcock is an excellent talker, and all who hear him will be well rewarded for their attendance. No admission fee will be charged.

Mr. Woodcock will also lecture on Sunday evening, Subject: "Possibilities of youth." Public invited.

ATTENTION, SIR KNIGHTS.—All Sir Knights of Good Will Tent, No. 46, K. O. T. M., are respectfully requested to be present at regular review Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, at 7:30 p. m., when the annual election of officers will take place, after which refreshments will be served. It is hoped every member will be in attendance. By order of Committee.

JOHN CLARE,
J. P. MCNARNEY,
C. L. BUTLER,
Committee.

How Girls May See Paris Alone.

A bright American girl is going to tell, in The Ladies' Home Journal, how she and a girl friend went to Paris together, saw its sights, visited all places of interest, lived there and had "the time of our lives," as she explains the experience. In three gossipy articles all the points of interest in and about the French capitol will be treated and briefly described, and how girls can live well at small cost—in fact, just how girls going alone to Paris can best and cheapest enjoy the trip, will be explained. Of course, these experiences are intended to serve as a guide for girls going to the Paris Exposition in 1900.

Big Conflagration.

Philadelphia had a $3,000,000 fire yesterday, destroying J. B. Lippencott & Company's block and damaging other buildings.

Death's Doings.

KNICKERBOCKER.

Just as we were going to press last Thursday we stopped long enough to announce the death of MR. WILLIAM KNICKERBOCKER, in his 66th year. The deceased had been invalid for several years and was a great sufferer. Mr. K. was a veteran of the civil war and had resided in this section for many years. The funeral took place from the family residence on Cherry street, last Saturday, at two o'clock, Rev. Shriner officiating. A delegation from Lieut. D. W. Taggart Post, of which deceased had been a member, followed their old comrade to his last resting place in Newton cemetery. A wife and one son survive the deceased.

SWARTWOOD.

MRS. ALVARETTA A. SWARTWOOD, wife of Anson O. Swartwood, died at the family residence on West Fifth street, Emporium, Pa., on Friday, Nov. 24th, 1899, aged 46 years, four months and 22 days. Mrs. Swartwood, who was the second daughter of Jos. Housler, one of the pioneer citizens of this county but now a resident of Lock Haven, and resided here all her life. Not of a robust constitution she suffered greatly for several years with a complication of diseases, until the past two years, when she and her family moved from their old home in Rich Valley, to Emporium, in order to be close to medical assistance. Disease baffled medical skill and the past year she continued to fail. Death relieved her suffering on the above date, while surrounded by her immediate family. Having lived a consistent christian life she died strong in the faith. Deceased leaves a husband, one son and a wide circle of sorrowing friends. The funeral took place from the family residence last Sunday, at 2 p. m., and was very largely attended. After a short prayer by Rev. Readette, her pastor, the funeral cortege wended its way to Rich Valley church where funeral services were conducted, Rev. Readette officiating. The little church was crowded with the inhabitants of that section of the county, who had known and respected the deceased lady from childhood, also large numbers from Emporium. At the close of the services the remains were consigned to mother earth, while her spirit has gone to meet the loved ones long since passed to the other shore.

The following relatives and friends from a distance attended the funeral: Jos. Housler, (father) Lock Haven; George and William Irons, Mrs. C. H. Bigelow, Miss Theresa Bigelow, Mrs. C. N. Bates, Miss Ora Biever, (cousins) Smethport.

Burglaries.

Last Saturday night one of the back windows in Walker, Howard & Co.'s store was pried open and the mid-night mechanics entered, helping themselves to a large quantity of cutlery, revolvers, razors, etc. No clue.

On Sunday night the steam laundry was entered and a quantity of goods taken, and now some of the boys will go minus a boiled shirt.

Card of Thanks.

Editor Press:—

We take this method of returning our heartfelt thanks to all kind neighbors and friends for their great kindness to our dear wife and mother during her illness and for the sympathy and aid to us when our hearts are bowed down with grief.

A. O. SWARTWOOD,
CLAUDIE SWARTWOOD.
Emporium, Pa., Nov. 27, 1899.

Fiftieth Anniversary.

Our old and respected citizens Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fay will next Saturday have the honor of celebrating their Golden Wedding. They have long been among our best citizens and one and all join in congratulating them.

Union Thanksgiving Services.

There will be union services in Presbyterian church this (Thursday) eyening, Rev. J. M. Robertson will preach.

The Battle of the Independents.

The Independent Republicans of Pennsylvania have recently held numerous conferences to organize for the great battle of next year against Quay. They lack nothing in earnestness of purpose or in willingness to make tireless and even desperate effort to win for their cause, and there are ample elements in the State to give them a victory if they can be combined and made to work harmoniously to a common end.

Before starting in the new campaign it would be well carefully to consider the errors of the past. The last Legislature could have been organized by the Independents if they had been sufficiently wise and courageous to invite the co-operation of the Democrats to make an Independent Republican Speaker, divide the offices of the body with the Democrats and control the committees of the body. The Independents were then upon the verge of revolt; knew that it was inevitable, and yet permitted themselves to lose control of the House that made them powerless in legislation, and lost them the unity of action with the Democrats that would have been more than possible had the opposition elements started out together and won some substantial results in the first skirmish.

The Independent opposition to Quay can accomplish little unless the Democrats shall get into better condition for practical co-operation than they have exhibited during the last two years. One-third of the Democratic members of the present Legislature owed their success to the fearless and aggressive campaign made by Wanamaker in opposition to the nomination of Governor Stone and to the mastery of Quay, but when the Democrats had the chance to elect an Independent Senator whose reform views were professed by a decided majority of the whole Legislature, they made themselves unfelt in the contest and accomplished nothing. Unless there shall be better Democratic conditions in the coming battle the Independents will have little inspiration to elect Democratic legislators, either by directly voting for them or supporting Independent tickets whereby Democrats may succeed. If Quay cannot be elected by the next Legislature he would prefer a deadlock. If admitted to the Senate, as seems more than possible, another deadlock would give him practically four sessions in the Senate by appointment.

If a majority of the people of the State desires Quay's re-election he should receive it, and none could then reasonably complain of his triumph. If the majority of the people are not in favor of him succeeding himself in the Senate he should not be elected, and that issue will come directly before the people in the coming contest. A large majority of the Republicans will follow Quay. On that point there can be no reason to doubt. They follow the organization and Quay is the organization, and if the Independents and the Democrats run separate side shows against him, the chances will be largely in favor of his winning a re-election from the next Legislature.

These are the facts which leaders all around should look in the face and meet with the wisdom and courage which are necessary in any great political movement. It will be a fight to a finish, and there is now every indication that it will be one of unexampled bitterness, resulting in victor and vanquished in the fullest measure that the terms apply.—Philadelphia Times.

Excelsior Works Burned.

Last Saturday morning, about one o'clock, the Excelsior Works, located at Beechwood, this county, was discovered to be on fire and had gained such headway that the entire structure was totally destroyed, entailing a loss of about $20,000. We have not been able to see the proprietor Mr. C. R. Kline to get the particulars, yet hope he has sufficient insurance to warrant his rebuilding the plant.

This industry had but recently been erected and contained much valuable machinery.

Foot Ball Game.

Emporium High School will play Ridgway team this (Thursday) afternoon, on the base ball grounds, near the junction.

Brilliant and Happy Wedding.

The most brilliant and happy church wedding ever celebrated in Emporium was that at the Baptist church last Tuesday evening, which united MR. C. JAY GOODNOUGH and MISS FLORENCE E. OLMSTED. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with cut flowers, chrysanthemums, potted ferns and evergreens, making a beautiful appearance and filling the church with sweet fragrance. Promptly at seven o'clock the guests commenced to arrive and when the hour for the ceremony, 7:30 p. m., arrived, the room was well filled with the friends of the contracting parties, representing a very large circle of friends. The invited guests were met by Messrs. Chas. Gleason, Herbert Olmsted, J. William Kaye, Charles T. Logan and Fred Huntington, in full evening dress, and conducted to their seats. Promptly at 7:30 Mrs. William Howard took her seat at the organ and beautifully rendered the *Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin*. Presently the soft, sweet voices of the chorus girls were heard approaching from the church parlors, in the basement of the church, and as they entered the room they separated and passed down the center aisle, meeting the bride and her attendants at the entrance. The bridal party proceeded in the following order:

Chorus girls, Miss Byrde Taggart, Grace McCaslin, Laura McQuay, Grace Leet, Myrtle Olmsted, Bessie McCaslin, Lillian Heilman and Edith Olmsted; Maid of Honor, Mrs. Frank J. Beers, sister of bride; bride, leaning on arm of her father; flower girls, Misses Gladys Lloyd and Gladys Burrows; bride's pages, Masters Joe McNarney and Clark Metzger. As the procession neared the altar Rev. Robt. McCaslin, pastor of the Presbyterian church, entered from the rear door, followed by the groom and his best man, Mr. John M. Gena, of Olean, N. Y. The groom accepting the bride from her father took their place in front of the altar, surrounded by the chorus girls, when the beautiful Presbyterian service was read. The questions and responses were given and returned in audible tones, and C. JAY GOODNOUGH and FLORENCE E. OLMSTED were pronounced man and wife. This closed one of the handsomest and most lovely wedding celebrations ever witnessed in Emporinm. The bride was handsomely attired in white satin and the groom wore the conventional evening dress.

The bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Olmsted, on West Fourth street, where a wedding dinner was served the immediate family and relatives, after which the happy couple left on Erie mail east on a short visit to Philadelphia. They were fortunate and sharp enough to elude the rice fiends and cutely managed to get aboard the sleeper unseen, while many of their friends were searching the train in vain.

The following relatives and friends from out of town attended the wedding: Mrs. Frank T. Beers (sister of the bride), of Bellefonte; L. G. Goodnough (brother of groom), wife and son, of Cornwall-on-Hudson; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Olmsted, Miss Edith Olmsted, a former Emporium young lady and an esteemed daughter of H. Clint Olmsted, Coudersport; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Cushing, F. A. Leet, Ulysses, Pa.; Thos. H. Norris, Portland Mills; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gleason, Driftwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodnough were pleasantly remembered by their friends and are the recipients of many very handsome presents, both useful and ornamental. They will be at home to their friends at their residence on West Sixth street, after the first of January. The PRESS, as well as our citizens generally, wish them a long, prosperous and happy life.

To Los Angeles and Southern California.

Every Friday night, at 10.35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for Los Angeles and Southern California, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

In addition to the regular Pullman porter, each car is accompanied by an intelligent, competent and courteous "courier," who will attend to the wants of passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service, and will be appreciated by families or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children, who usually get weary on a long journey.

These tourist cars are sleeping cars supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the berth rate (each berth will accommodate two persons) is only $6.00 from Chicago to California. Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car folder, or address John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, 300 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
35-6t-alt.

BRIEF MENTION.

Of the 600 clerks employed in Cuba by the Postoffice Department fully 500 are Cubans.

Diphtheria on clear Creek, in family of C. Hall.

C. B. Howard & Co., will next month commence operations on their coal veins.

Never before in the history of this county has there been such a demand for laborers of all kinds.

As to "the cause of divorces," a New York paper suggests that perhaps marriage has something to do with it.

A woman feels that she is on the certain road to heavenly grace when she has done a good day's house cleaning.

The Potter County Journal says Goodyear's engineers are surveying the route of a new railroad from Wharton to Sinnemahoning.

James Creighton has placed a billiard and a pool table in his bowling alley and made other improvements. His place is now one of the most popular resorts in town.

Diphtheria continues to rage at Sinnamahoning. Dr. Bardwell was called there this afternoon to look into the matter, as the representative of the State Board of Health.

The man who sat on a limb and sawed the same off close to the tree, and the man who let go of the fire escape to spit on his hands, have both been outdone by the Parkersburg, Md., woman, who put her babe in a bath tub and then set the tub on the stove to heat the water.

A woman who couldn't afford a new hat went into a store and inspected the new style in headgear, then she went home, dug an old style hat out of the garret, stamped on it a couple of times, pulled a feather out of a duster and stuck it in the crown at an angle of forty-five degrees, and now she is as stylish as anybody in town.—Ex.

A young lady asked a naughty editor how to make "not enough" out of "enough." Take the third, second and first letters of the word "enough" for the first word, and the sixth, fourth and the fifth for the second word and you will have found something that is not enough for any young lady, but bettter than none.

A few minutes chat with E. C. Davison, the courteous station agent at Emporium Junction, elicited the statement that the business done at that office is astonishingly large at the present time, considerable of the increase, both in freight and passenger traffic, being due to the iron industry recently revived in Emporium.—Coudersport Journal.

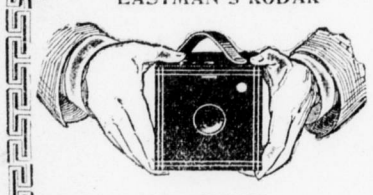
The New York Central Railroad has placed orders for 950 new cars and ninety new locomotives, the whole to cost $7,000,000 to $8,000,000. This is said to be the largest purchase ever made at this time. The passenger engines will be constructed by the Baldwin works of Philadelphia. Several of the freight engines which are to be built in Schnectady will be equipped with the present Cornelius Vanderbilt's patented fire box and boiler.

Expansion.

Philadelphia Record: "I am persuaded," said President Madison—who was, perhaps, the chief among our constitution makers—"that no Constitution was ever so well calculated as ours for extensive empire and self-government." Since Madison's time the truth of his forecast has been tested by experience. The area of the country has been extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A non-contiguous part of the Continent has been added to our possessions. There has been no failure on the part of our constitution to adaptably stretch itself over our expanding limits. It has withstood the test of accommodation to foreign territory acquired both by purchase and conquest, and has not failed us even in the stress of civil strife.

Looking back at the experiences of the past century in the absorptions which have increased the area of the United States, from the 325,065 square miles of the thirteen original States to the 3,602,990 square miles now constituting the American Republic exclusive of our lately acquired insular possessions, the most despondent anti-expansionist can put aside his fears and take heart of hope. The further we can push the benign operation of our constitutional government the better for ourselves and the better for the people who are permitted to share with us the benefits of self-government.

EASTMAN'S KODAK



THURSDAY, Cloudy, local rain, probably turning to snow.
FRIDAY, Fair and colder.
SATURDAY, Fair.

You can carry it in your hands, on your shoulder, in your pocket or on your bicycle. You press the button and the Kodak will do the rest.

LLOYD'S LONG RANGE FORECAST OF THE WEATHER AND EASTMAN'S KODAK.

Thanksgiving.

With the great feast day of the year just ahead, the housewife's thoughts divide attention between good things to eat and good things to buy at Lloyd's.

If ever there was a time when thankfullness should find general expression, it seems to be now No matter what form the observance shall take, the honored American instution—the Thanksgiving Dinner—will be in fullest evidence. Our store is stocked with books, stationery, kodaks, wall paper, guns, ammunition and good cigars, etc.

HARRY S. LLOYD.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A MANILA cigar company has 10,000 employes.

NEGRO oyster shuckers at Norfolk have organized.

WOMEN are not permitted to be photographed in China.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, England, reports a plague of frogs.

THE second city of the British empire in size is Calcutta.

THE German army includes more than 10,000 military musicians.

Frogs and toads are gifted with a remarkably acute sense of hearing.

GEN. LAWTON, in a recent interview, declared himself a total abstainer.

THE copper mines of upper Michigan are now giving employment to 13,551 men.

CHICAGO has the smallest bonded indebtedness of any large city in this country.

HERR KRUPP, the gunmaker, has the largest income of any manufacturer in Europe.

THE assessed valuation of property in South Carolina has increased $3,600,000 over last year.

THE first Hebrew congregation in the Hawaiian islands has just been formed at Honolulu.

IN all the capitals of Europe, except London, some theaters are kept up by government support.

THE Baroness Hirsch has given about $90,000,000 toward charity since the death of her husband.

IN Dublin a fine system of electric trams makes it easy for any one to get about from place to place.

GERMANY now has an air ship that will lift ten tons and remain in the air for several days if required.

THE University of Pennsylvania is about to confer the degree of LL. D. on President Diaz of Mexico.

A. A. POPE, who made himself a millionaire out of manufacturing bicycles, never learned to ride a wheel.

THE whole of the trade in cheap hosiery in Cuba is in the hands of the German and Catalan manufacturers.

EVERY boy in Germany, from the crown prince to the meanest subject, is obliged to learn some useful trade.

WASHINGTON firemen are provided with portable telephones, which may be connected with any fire-alarm box.

A NATURAL soap mine and paint mine are two of the latest curiosities which have been discovered in British Columbia.

AMERICAN condensed milk is gaining a foothold in the Asiatic markets. It is rapidly transplanting the German product in Japan.

A RECENT investigation has shown that more than half the families of Stuttgart have only one or two rooms that can be heated.

EDWARD HALT, 21, escaped from prison at Canandaigua, N. Y., by squeezing through a hole seven and a half inches square.

THE marriage of Miss Cecil Miles, daughter of the general of the army and Mrs. Miles, to Col. Reber, U. S. A., will occur in January.

BOTTLES of perfume, still fresh, jars of pomade that had not lost its fragrance, have been recovered from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

THERE are altogether 334 parks well stocked with deer in the different counties of England, and red deer are found in about thirty-one.

BALTIMORE is said to contain the largest Negro population of any city in the world. The coming census is expected to show at least 125,000.

CHEAP chemical dyes threaten to ruin the great indigo industry of Behar, India, where hundreds of thousands of families have found employment.

A WELL-KNOWN specialist on ear diseases has made the announcement that half the deafness prevalent at the present time can be traced to the practice of boxing the ears of children.

ALL the emery used in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece. As it is one of the hardest substances known, ordinary quarrying tools can not be used to cut it out.

THE military household of the czar is composed of 98 officers of various ranks, 82 of whom belong to the army and 15 to the navy. Nineteen members of the royal family are included in the list.

NATURAL gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China years ago, and one of their writers mentions boxes which repeated the sounds of persons' voices that were dead—a machine similar to the phonograph.

PAPER shingles have been introduced into Japan by an enterprising Tokyo firm as substitutes for the wooden article. The new idea is a slab of thick-tarred pasteboard, more easily managed than ordinary shingles and costing only half as much.

CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

The Result of the State Elections Shows Approval of the President's Policy.

Now that the result of the elections of 1899 is known the administration can go forward with the assurance that its policies have been emphatically approved by the people. The country has spoken and its verdict is that new national issues developed by circumstances have been faithfully and ably handled by President McKinley as far as they lay within his province, and he has scrupulously avoided going beyond that. He has been guided by the traditional spirit of Americanism and kept in the closest touch with the general sentiment and common sense of the country. His policy is that of the mass of the people and his constant study has been the good of the whole country. President McKinley has no vagaries. His opinion is made up cautiously. He is far removed from the class of brilliant egotists who think that conclusions carefully formed are too humdrum to be up to their political standard. Long experience in public life has taught him to view and hear all sides, and his temperament is that of a man well guarded from hasty emotion or impulse.

Since the election the president has remarked to some callers at the white house: "The more I see of the confidence reposed in my administration by the people of the country the more I feel the weight of the responsibility resting upon me." The sincerity of the president's words will be admitted by all who have intelligently observed his character. He is not affected by the vanities of high station, but feels always the seriousness of the duties imposed upon him, especially those that require the shaping of policies under new conditions. Far more than a share of this labor has fallen to his administration. The most perplexing question with which he was called upon to deal, that of the Philippines, was absolutely unknown in the canvass of 1896. A president with a greater pride of self-assertion, or with a less sensitive regard for the sober and substantial judgment of the people themselves, might easily have made a mistake in meeting the complications of diplomacy and an unexpected war on the far side of the Pacific. But the voice of the country is that McKinley in every instance has done what was right and best.

There are times when the nation advances with exceptional power and rapidity. The present administration is one of the periods. It was elected to preserve a sound currency and bring back industrial prosperity. This was quickly accomplished, but is only one item among the important achievements. A foreign war was pushed through with remarkable success. Another war, the unforseen sequel to the first, has been vigorously prosecuted until the enemy no longer pretends to make a determined stand. The United States has expanded territorially in the greatest ocean of the world and which is nearer to us geographically than to any other great civilized power. President McKinley has met every crisis and every problem with calm balance, prudence, executive capacity and unquestioned success. The November elections are the ample proof that his labors are approved and appreciated. Demagogues will rail as usual and partisan detraction will continue, but the country stands squarely with McKinley, and will see that he works out the mission so well begun.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PRESS OPINIONS.

☞Col. Bryan said Kentucky was the pivotal state. The election figures from there must have given him a bad turn.—Chicago Tribune.

☞The sustained silence of Chairman Jones in respect to the recent election is quite as significant as anything which Col. Bryan can say.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

☞The great victory was of the policy of expansion of the administration; the great defeat was of the humbug and reactionary spirit of "anti-imperialism."—N. Y. Sun.

☞The anti-expansion issue was tried under fair conditions in Iowa, and it was swept into the ash heap as if it had been struck by a prairie fire.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

☞It was in '92 that Bryan said "the gold standard fills our streets with men who are anxious to work, but find no opportunity." Time has put the leader of the 16 to 1 clan in a most ridiculous light.—Topeka Capital.

☞If it had been a presidential vote, the elections would have given McKinley 145 electoral votes to 108 for Mr. Bryan, and under some conditions Virginia would not be certain for democracy.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

☞The only state in which the democrats made gains was Maryland, the only state in which the democrats refused to indorse the Chicago platform. Put that in your pipes; it will do to smoke until the election a year hence.—Louisville Courier-Journal (Dem.).

☞What do the democrats think of the result? Will they dare go before the people in a presidential campaign upon the issues that have been turned against them in the state elections? Let it not be forgotten that the issue of expansion, upon which the republican party will make its strongest plea, is yet in its infancy.—Kansas City Journal.

☞The result of the November elections, in the light of the more complete returns, can be fairly claimed as an indorsement of the expansion policy of the administration. So far as the opposition made any national issue, they made it upon this question, and especially in Ohio, the home of the president, where the democratic candidate for governor placed himself squarely upon an "anti" platform, ignoring as far as possible the monetary question.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A BLOWN-UP BUGABOO.

The Hob-Goblin Policy of "Anti-Imperialism" Snuffed Out at the Polls.

It is generally admitted that the anti-expansion or anti-imperialist movement was generally condemned in the elections. Wherever hostility to the president's policy was made a special issue the president held his own compared with his remarkable vote in 1896 or his party vote in subsequent years. Some claim is made that the president was not sustained in Massachusetts because the republican plurality was not as large as it was last year. The democrats in 1898 nominated a more popular man for governor and the silver issue was ignored. The gold democrats declared for him, and anti-imperialism was made the chief issue, yet the democratic candidate received about 4,000 fewer votes than did the democratic candidate a year ago. The republican vote fell off more thousands because congressmen were not voted for. In Maryland, where the democrats won, anti-expansion was not hinted at by the democrats. In Ohio 100,000 men voted for Mayor Jones, who previous to the election had not said a word on the question of expansion.

It is claimed that Mr. Bryan and ex-Gov. Altgeld carried Nebraska on the anti-expansion issue and on general opposition to the president's policy. Such seems not to be the fact. Altgeld declared in his first speech that he was not opposed to expansion, but was opposed to an increase of the regular army and the alarming growth of militarism under the president. In Nebraska there are many voters who came to this country to escape military service. Many of them do not read English, so the literature setting forth the dangers of militarism and the speeches assailing the increase of the army and the use of the military power were a real terror to them. On the other hand the republicans of Nebraska did not have speakers nor the means to refute the fallacies of Mr. Bryan and his friends.

The expressions of the anti-imperialist press in the east, with one or two exceptions, are to the effect that the opposition to the president's policy did not make itself apparent in the elections. The New York World, one of the extremest and most inveterate organs of the anti-imperialists, confesses that "the elections mean a victory for imperialism in a majority of the states voting," adding that "there is neither honesty nor profit in denying this." The New York Post, the ablest and most strenuous opponent of the president's policy, expresses itself as follows:

"Although no federal officials were chosen yesterday, except in four congressional districts to fill the vacancies in the house of representatives, a national aspect was given to the campaign in so many states that the result may be accepted as a verdict of the country on the McKinley administration, and especially on its policy of expansion. The judgment of the people was so clearly expressed that no room is left for doubt as to the attitude of the nation."

If the voters in the states which spoke by their ballots did not render a verdict in favor of the president's policy, as declared by the New York Evening Post, they have seriously refused to regard the bugaboo of imperialism.—Indianapolis Journal.

A VICTORY FOR LABOR.

The Workingmen of Ohio Vote for Employment and Prosperity.

The laboring men of Ohio carried the election in that state for protection and the gold standard. Ohio is one of the principal manufacturing states, and it was that industry that saved Ohio to the republicans, in spite of the large number of republicans who voted for "Golden Rule" Jones, who was merely a candidate in John R. McLean's interest, as Jones' interviews since the election fully prove. McLean had and has barrels of money, and he was willing to pour it out wherever he thought that it would serve his political ambition. His income is said to be about $1,000 per year, largely from trusts, and his household and family expenses not less than $100,000 annually. That is the sort of a man the democrats of Ohio selected as their standard bearer this year, and he was selected solely because the democratic leaders in that state thought he had sufficient money to buy the governorship! But they misjudged the industrious laboring men of the Buckeye state, all of whom now have the opportunity to work over time, in contrast to the majority of them being unable to find regular employment during the free silver and free trade hard times. It is said that there is not now an idle mill in Ohio, and that nearly all of them are working over time, and that many of them are working two sets of men each day and night. President McKinley opened the mills, the opening of the mills opened the mints, and never before has there been such an unsupplied demand for laboring men in the factories of the United States. The laboring men of Ohio won the great victory in that state for labor and business, and they will make their victory still more overwhelming in 1900, for they are fully convinced that republican rule is absolutely necessary to maintain the labor and business of the people of the United States.—Iowa State Register.

☞The anti-imperialists have denied that they are in any way responsible for the continuance of the insurrection in the Philippines. They have poohpoohed the charge, but what are they to say in view of Aguinaldo's latest proclamation? The insurgent leader announces that the American congress will meet in December and exhorts his men to so conduct themselves that the national legislators will consider them worthy of independence. This proclamation fairly proves that the insurgents have been buoyed up by the hope that the Aguinaldians in this country would prevail in congress. Without such hope they would have given up the fight long ago.—Troy Times.

A SPLIT IN THE RANKS.

Dissatisfied Members of the Spanish War Veterans' Association Form a Rival Society.

Washington, Nov. 25.—A split has occurred in the organization of the Spanish war veterans and a rival body was formed Friday to be known as the Spanish-American War Veterans. Last week the original organization held a meeting in this city and perfected its constitution and by-laws and at that time there were rumors of an impending split, but nothing was made public officially about it. Yesterday's meeting was held in response to an urgent call of Adjt. Gen. Liller, who gives the following as the reason for the split:

"General dissatisfaction—and an attempt to place the organization in the hands of the Ohio representatives, making it appear as a move for political purposes, and the recent action of the committee who were in the minority assuming the privilege of eliminating and vacating offices created by the national convention; making several appointive officers, and a move to control the association generally and remove the headquarters to Ohio. Those who were present Friday are men who have made national reputations and are here to make the association a success and not use it for selfish motives."

The new organization makes all those who served in the regular or volunteer army, navy or marine corps during the Spanish-American war and these who are now serving in the present Philippine war eligible to membership, provided they can show an honorable discharge. A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the units of organization are to be local camps, departments and a national association. A resolution was adopted declaring it to be the sense of the body that Admiral George Dewey be placed at its head and authorizing the adjutant general to convey to the admiral the information of his unanimous selection as commander-in-chief.

The names and number of those present at the meeting are withheld by Gen. Liller. Following are the officers elected:

Commander-in-Chief—Admiral Dewey.

Senior Vice Commander-in-chief—Col. Theodore Roosevelt, New York.

Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief—Brig. Gen. Irving Hale, Colorado.

Adjutant General—William Liller, Pennsylvania.

Surgeon General—Maj. Edward C. Davis, Georgia.

Commissary General—Col. James Coryell, Pennsylvania.

Inspector General—Col. George W. Taylor, Virginia.

Judge Advocate General—Col. James H. Tillman, South Carolina.

Sponsor—Miss Helen M. Gould.

Columbus, O., Nov. 25.—Gen. Axline, adjutant general of Ohio, and representative from this state in the council of the Spanish War Veterans' association, said last night there was no truth in the statements made by Christopher Liller regarding an alleged attempt to control the organization by Ohio members for political purposes.

TO END WAGE DISPUTES.

Fall River Cotton Mill Owners and Operatives Enter Into an Agreement.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 25.—Representatives of the textile council and a special committee of the Mill Manufacturers' association entered into an agreement yesterday which will, when finally adopted by operatives and employers, result in a definite settlement of the present wage agitation and ultimately, when a sliding scale is agreed to, will make wage disputes in this city a thing of the past.

An advance of 5 per cent. is offered to the operatives, to go into effect December 11, and both parties agree to take up in good faith the consideration of a sliding scale of wages which must be agreed to within a reasonable time. Operatives and manufacturers hope by means of this scale to place the industrial conditions on such a firm footing as to guarantee steady employment to labor at fair wages and reasonable assurances to the manufacturers that they may enter into contracts for a period of at least six months without fearing a labor disturbance.

Provision is also made for a settlement in conference of any question which may arise on either side.

More Trouble in Samoa.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Official advices from Samoa state that another dangerous crisis with the natives recently occurred and preparations were made to land British marines. Some of the native chiefs, with their Mataafan followers, assembled at Vaines, not far from Apia, and began a disorderly agitation. The place is the home of Tamasese, one of the former aspirants for the throne, who used his influence to keep down the disorder. Several hundred natives were engaged, many of whom were roughly handled.

Ingham and Newitt Sentenced.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—Ellery P. Ingham, ex-United States district attorney, and his law partner and former assistant, Harvey K. Newitt, were yesterday sentenced by Judge McPherson to imprisonment for two years and six months, and to pay a fine of $1 and the costs of their trial for conspiracy in attempting to bribe a secret service operative in connection with the recent big revenue stamp counterfeiting conspiracy.

Deserts the Sinking Ship.

Manila, Nov. 25.—Bautista, president of the Filipino congress, presented himself to Gen. MacArthur yesterday and renounced all further connection with the insurrection. He was one of the influential Filipinos who hesitated at the beginning of the war as to which side on which to cast his lot. He was offered a judgeship of the supreme court, but declined. He now announces that he desires to accept the position and says the Filipino congress and cabinet are scattered, never to reassemble. Some of the members, he adds, have returned to their homes.

A "BLIND POOL."

Thousands of Investors Therein Were Victimized.

A Grand Jury Indicts Its Managers and They Disappear—Police Take Possession of the Concern's Headquarters and Seize $15,000 in Cash.

New York, Nov. 25.—William F. Miller, head of the Franklin syndicate which has accepted the deposits of thousands of persons in Brooklyn under promise of paying dividends of 10 per cent. a week, or 520 per cent per annum, and Cecil Leslie, his secretary, were indicted by the Kings county grand jury yesterday. Bench warrants were issued for the arrest of these two men, but up to quite a late hour last night neither had been found, the police saying they had disappeared in the afternoon.

Last night the police raided the premises occupied by the Franklin syndicate on Floyd street. There was a great crowd of people around the building and the police surrounded it. Inspector Brennan arrested Louis Miller, brother of the head of the syndicate, and the cashier of the concern and took possession of $15,000 in cash. There were 40 employes at work in the offices and these were allowed to go. It was stated by Louis Miller to the police that the offices were then in the hands of ex-Sheriff Daly, of Richmond, to whom he said, the concern had assigned.

The charge upon which Miller was indicted was that of conspiring to defraud.

The district attorney's office in Brooklyn has been at work on the case for some weeks, so prominent have become Miller's operations in that time. Miller had been engaged for the past two years or so in offering his glittering inducements to the people to invest their money for him to make use of, but it has been only within the last month that by extensive advertising he managed to attract to his office hundreds of people daily, who gathered in a long line or fought with each other for the chance to hand out their savings. Even when the place was raided last night a number of those around the offices were waiting to deposit money with the Franklin syndicate.

The presence of the police caused great excitement. When they entered the office they were informed that at 6 p. m. the concern had made an assignment in the borough of Manhattan to James Daly, ex-sheriff of Richmond. Chief of Detectives Reynolds said the police were the assignees naw and put Daly off the premises. Daly has been in the employ of Miller for some time. Of the $15,000 taken possession of by the ponce, something more than $5,000 in cash was found in the syndicate offices.

From the record which the police had made on Friday's deposits, it was evident that a portion of the money had been removed from the offices, and Louis Miller, the cashier, who was arrested, was called upon to make an explanation. He at first refused, but on being threatened by the police he said Miss Annie Gory, an employe of the concern, who lived in a house adjoining the offices, had been given possession of a large sum of money in the morning by the head of the firm. The police went to the adjoining house, where they placed Miss Gory under arrest, and after a search they found nearly $9,000 concealed in an old lounge in her apartments.

The woman then declared that she had this money in her possession to pay the employes of the syndicate. The police, however, took possession of the money and gave Miss Gory her liberty.

William F. Miller began the Franklin syndicate in a small way, locating his office among the poorer classes in Brooklyn and making one feature of his business the acceptance of very small sums of money and the alleged investment of them for poor people. He claimed that by inside tips on the stock market he was able to pay a large percentage to his clients. He paid the interest on the principal each week and his business increased. It is claimed that Miller was simply the representative of a syndicate which had been conducting blind pools for years.

No syndicate has ever attempted to pay any such wonderful rates of interest as the Franklin syndicate. The very fact that the newspapers and financiers began to make investigations aroused the public interest to such an extent that it is said within the last week Miller has received deposits of hundreds of people, aggregating a daily amount of from $30,000 to $40,000.

Not only were people living within the limits of New York large depositors with the Franklin syndicate, but cities all over the country contributed the earnings of scores of their residents to swell the wealth of the syndicate. The mail delivery at Miller's office amounted to about three wagon loads and most of the letters contained money.

It is an absolute fact Miller did not have facilities for taking care of all of the gold and greenbacks which poured in upon him, and empty barrels were brought up from the basement of the building and thousands of dollars were dumped into these barrels by the clerks employed by Miller. No evidence is forthcoming to show that Miller ever speculated in stocks.

Diamond Thief Captured.

Pittsburg, Nov. 25.—A bold attempt at diamond robbery was made last night. Three men entered the jewelry store of A. E. Siedle. While two of the men engaged the clerk and porter in conversation, the third opened a show case and transferred 30 diamonds valued at about $6,000 from the case to an apron he had suspended about his waist. An errand boy gave the alarm and followed the man. The robber jumped a trolley car, but the conductor put him off and Detective McGovern gathered him in after a fierce struggle.

"He That Any Good Would Win"

Should have good health. Pure, rich blood is the first requisite. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by giving good blood and good health, has helped many a man to success, besides giving strength and courage to women who, before taking it, could not even see any good in life to win. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Sad Catastrophe.

Mrs. Golde Nugget—I cannot see any callers to-day, Nanette.

Nanette (five minutes later to caller)—Monsieur, I haf ze plaisure to inform you zat madame is blind to-day.—Philadelphia North American.

Winter in the South.

The season approaches when one's thoughts turn toward a place where the inconveniences of a Northern winter may be escaped. No section of this country offers such ideal spots as the Gulf Coast on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad between Mobile and New Orleans. It possesses a mild climate, pure air, even temperature and facilities for hunting and fishing enjoyed by no other section. Accommodations for visitors are first-class, and can be secured at moderate prices. The L. & N. R. R. is the only line by which it can be reached in through cars from Northern cities. Through car schedules to all points in Florida by this line are also perfect. Write for folders, etc., to Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

"He's a vegetarian, is he?" "Oh! the strictest kind. He won't even eat oyster plant."—Philadelphia Record.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles 25 and 50 cents. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Speaking of fruit, the first apple caused a lot of trouble for the first pair.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

In Luck.—First Dear Girl—"I have no friends to speak of." Second Dear Girl—"Lucky friends."—Life.

GRAIN-O

THE FOOD DRINK.

Grain-O is not a stimulant, like coffee. It is a tonic and its effects are permanent.

A successful substitute for coffee, because it has the coffee flavor that almost everybody likes.

Lots of coffee substitutes in the market, but only one food drink—Grain-O.

All grocers; 15c. and 25c.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
CHAS. STEDEFORD,
Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 317

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Personally Conducted California Excursions

Via the Santa Fe Route.

Three times a week from Chicago and Kansas City.
Twice a week from St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Once a week from St. Louis and Boston.
In improved wide-vestibuled Pullman tourist sleeping cars.
Better than ever before, at lowest possible rates.
Experienced excursion conductors.
Also daily service between Chicago and California.
Correspondence solicited.

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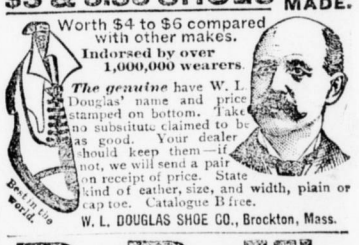
Manager California Tourist Service,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
109 Adams Street, CHICAGO.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.



The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough
Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.
Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

IN PURITAN New England a year had passed away.
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower lay,
When Bradford, the good governor, sent fowlers forth to snare
The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare:*

"Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food,
Though 'the pease be parched in blossom, and the grain indifferent good.'
Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous,
And filled with oil the widow's cruse, He hath remembered us!

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer: 'Give us our daily bread!'
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,
In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thanksgiving day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised —though eyes with tears were dim—
"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice:
"The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;
Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the least;
Together have we fasted, friends, together let us feast.

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste;
Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced;
Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand
To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, to-day their children tread,
The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed;
The "flocks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain,
The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert-plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased.
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our "daily bread."

—Alice Williams Brotherton, in Home Queen.

*"There was great store of wilde turkies of which they took many beside venison. . . . The fowlers had been sent out by the governor that so they might—after a special manner—rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of their labors."—Palfrey's History of New England.

AUNT SARAH'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"OH, AUNT SARIE! Aunt Sarie! do come quick, the mince pies are burning!" And a small head with two tight flaxen braids was thrust hastily out of the kitchen window and as precipitately withdrawn.

Aunt Sarah, who was evidently lost in deep thought, gave such a sudden start that the great yellow pumpkin she was lovingly caressing fell from her arm.

"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed reproachfully, as she hastened to recover her treasure and turn her steps towards the farm house. "If things haven't come to a pretty pass, Sarah Jane Smithers. You a woman of 60, and standing out here dreaming like some young girl, and leaving your mince pies to the mercy of a child. But I guess I ought to be excused this once, things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living my old humdrum life, and not thinking about making a Thanksgiving dinner. I always said I'd have a big one when I got the mortgage paid and not before. But I haven't seen one of my own flesh and blood for 20 years. And to think that Cousin Jim is coming and bringing his wife and children."

By this time she had reached the kitchen; and breathlessly depositing her burden upon the spotless table she proceeded to open the oven door, whence issued a savory odor.

"Just one minute more, Susie Belle, and these mince pies would have been burnt to a crisp."

"Yes'm," replied Susie Belle, respectfully, and with a shade of awe in her tone. "That was the reason why I called you. I thought you had forgotten."

It was such an uncommon event for thorough-going Aunt Sarah to forget anything that the rather timid child felt some hesitancy in alluding to so flagrant a breach of the good woman's strong point. Aunt Sarah colored slightly, but made no reply.

"Now, child, you fall to work on this pumpkin while I dress the turkey. I want to get everything pretty well done up to-morrow so there won't be much on hand when Jim's folks get here."

Aunt Sarah was the last surviving member of a large and prosperous family. She lived alone with the exception of an orphan child of 12 years. As one by one those whom she loved, and for whom she had cheerfully sacrificed her life, passed away, and she had no animate object upon which to lavish her affection, she turned it all to the old house where her family had lived for two generations. Cousin Jim had spent many years in Missouri, and his wife and children she had never seen.

The one great shadow that darkened Aunt Sarah's life was a mortgage for $1,000 upon the place, the time for the payment of which was rapidly approaching. Her usually cheerful disposition was so clouded by this trial that for several years she had not been able to find heart for the celebration of any festivities. However, since "Jim's folks," those that really cared for her and were her own, were coming, she must make suitable preparations for their entertainment.

So the morning before Thanksgiving found her up by four o'clock, and bustling about with a brighter face and a brighter step than she had known in years. All day she mixed and stirred and baked and tasted, regardless of the lowering clouds and steady rain without. By three o'clock in the afternoon the last pie, steaming hot, was placed beside many others in neat rows on the pantry shelves, the enormous turkey, brown and crisp, lay in regal state beside a spiced ham. Cakes, snowy loaves of home made bread, jars of preserved fruits, jellies and marmalades and pats of golden butter were arranged in tempting array. Aunt Sarah gave a sigh of satisfaction as she surveyed the goodly store.

"DO COME QUICK, THE MINCE PIES ARE BURNING."

"Here, Susie Belle," she said, filling the child's hands with some of the choicest cookies. "Take these and eat them. We've got enough for to-morrow. Let me see, Jim has five children. Well, I want those little ones to have a real, old-fashioned dinner for once in their lives. I don't believe they ever had one out there in Missouri. Dear me! how it does rain!" she ejaculated; "but I'm not a mite afraid of its keeping Jim's folks at home. Once Jim sets his head to do a thing, he always would have his way or die."

And she settled back in her armchair by the cozy sittingroom fire "to rest a bit" after her hard day's work.

Just as she was dreaming of a Thanksgiving long ago when she and Jim and her brothers and sisters popped corn and roasted apples before the great open fire, a loud knock caused her to jump to her feet in alarm.

"Who on earth can be coming on such an evening?" she muttered drowsily, as she groped her way through the hall to the door.

"Why, Mr. Stanton! what has brought you up here in such a rain as this!" she exclaimed in surprise. "Come right in."

The cashier of the Newton bank glanced down at his dripping mackintosh and muddy boots, then at the immaculate oilcloth on the hall floor.

"No, thank you, Miss Sarah," he answered. "I am in a great hurry. Haven't you heard the news? The dam at Watertown has broken; nearly all the place is submerged, especially the poorest quarters near the factories. The people are flocking to Newton in droves. Every hotel, private house and public building is full and yet more are coming. It is pitiable to see them drenched and shivering after walking four miles in this dreadful rain. Many of them have had nothing to eat since early morning. We are trying to find shelter for them in the nearest farm houses, and thought, as you haven't much family and considerable room, you might accommodate a good number."

Aunt Sarah's eyes grew round and her jaw dropped in dismay. At any other time she would have made the poor wanderers welcome enough. But now—and, in imagination, she beheld the groaning pantry shelves, the shining floors and the beds with their fresh lavender-scented sheets.

"Mr. Stanton," she began, faintly, "I never hated so much to refuse anything in all my life. It doesn't hardly look Christian, and under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't think of refusing; but my cousin, that I haven't seen for years, is coming to-morrow. His children never have had a real good Thanksgiving, and I can't think of having everything torn up before they get here. I am dreadful sorry."

Mr. Stanton was disappointed, yet he went away glad that such an unexpected pleasure was coming into Aunt Sarah's life. He quite understood her feelings, though when he thought of the miserable unsheltered creatures in the town, he wished it might have been otherwise.

Aunt Sarah turned from the door with a heavy heart. The brightness and warmth of the sitting-room smote her with a deep sense of guilt. She tried to put the matter from her mind; but every time she looked into the glowing flames she saw a host of cold, haggard faces. Unable to bear it longer, she left the room on the pretext of seeing that all was well upstairs. She passed from one to another of the neat bedrooms. Never before had the old-fashioned, high-posted beds looked so inviting. She paused in deep thought. Suddenly her eyes rested upon a faded sampler she had worked when a child. The long, uneven letters in red, green and purple silk danced before her eyes. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Done it unto Me," the words echoed in her ears. What if He were out in the rain hungry and cold, would she have treated Him thus?

She sank beside the bed and buried her face in her hands.

"Dear Lord," she sobbed, "it is so hard, when it is the only pleasure I've had since mother died, five long years ago. I wasn't expecting it, and it all came so sudden like, and now to have it spoiled. But for Thy sake, Lord, accept the sacrifice!"

"Susie Belle," said Aunt Sarah a few minutes later as she appeared muffled from head to foot, "I'm going down to the village. I hate to leave you, though there isn't anything to hurt you. I will hurry back as quick as I can, and you kindle a fire in the kitchen stove."

The child, dumb with astonishment, could only gasp: "Yes'm." She stood watching the resolute figure until it was lost to view, and turned away with a shiver as she thought of the distance to the village. She knew nothing of the interview with Mr. Stanton. She understood, however, that only some stern duty or pressing necessity could take Aunt Sarah from home so late and on such a stormy evening.

Notwithstanding her promise to return promptly, it was nearly two hours before Aunt Sarah threw the doors of her sitting-room invitingly open.

"Come right in," she said, cheerily, "every one of you, just as fast as you can."

Susie Belle, who had fallen asleep after a weary watch, started at the sound of Aunt Sarah's voice. She fell back a few steps and began to rub her eyes. What could it mean? She was surely dreaming. Pouring into the room were rough men and miserable, drenched women, many of whom were carrying small children.

"Here, child! These poor people have had their homes washed away. Show the men into the kitchen while I get dry clothes for the women and children."

And Aunt Sarah fell to emptying chests, drawers and wardrobes, utterly regardless of her usually orderly habits. By ten o'clock that night, 20 men, women and children had been warmed, bountifully fed and comfortably bedded.

Aunt Sarah felt a strange lightness of heart as she and Susie Belle sought a hard bed in the attic. True, she was at first unmindful of His command; but had she not made generous atonement? Even the garments of her beloved dead, which she had aired and treasured year after year, were put into use that night. A dry sob arose in her throat as she thought of "Jim's folks. "Never mind," she said to herself. "Perhaps they will stay over Sunday, and I can cook them another Thanksgiving dinner."

Morning dawned clear. Aunt Sarah and her willing little helper were up betimes preparing breakfast for their numerous visitors, and a right comfortable one it was. Many of the wayfarers set out early to return to the doomed town or to seek friends or relatives in the country. Others lingered as though they were too weary and frightened from that terrible day's experience to think of aught else. Most of them were of the poorer class. One among them, however, was a man of kind and gentle manners, who somehow won Aunt Sarah's confidence at once. He did not ask many questions; but before she realized what she was doing, she had told him of the expected guests, the disappointment and even the mortgage.

A little later Aunt Sarah was hovering about her relatives, explaining and apologizing with tears in her eyes.

"Wasn't it grand of her to do that?" said Jim's wife, who proved to be a plump, kind little woman. "Don't you mind a bit, dear Aunt Susan. Of course we'll stay over Sunday, and I will help you cook to-morrow; and Saturday we'll have a big dinner. I am not at all afraid of starving in the meantime."

Although the dinner was two days late, never was a more tempting one placed upon a board nor ever did happier people gather around it. Just as Cousin Jim had finished asking a blessing, his eldest son returned from the village, where he had gone upon an errand.

"Here is a letter for you, Cousin Sarah," he said, handing her a large envelope.

"A letter?" she echoed. "Who can be writing to me?"

She broke the seal and a crisp banknote fell upon her plate.

She read aloud:

"Dear Madam:

"I beg that you will pardon the liberty I take in sending this amount. I shall never miss it, as I am a wealthy man and have no family. One who knows how to make much good use of a home should certainly not lose it. Yours truly,

"ROBERT UPTON."

"Oh, I don't deserve it! I don't deserve to be paid in this way!" and Aunt Sarah buried her face in her apron.—Eleanor Norton Parker, in N. Y. Independent.

ABOUT THANKSGIVING.

How the Proclamation Is Issued by the President—A Boy's Composition.

After Hallowe'en is over, the next thing to look forward to in the way of a fete day is Thanksgiving. A few days before Thanksgiving the president issues his annual proclamation. There is a little form to be observed about this.

It is composed by the president himself, which, you know, is not true of all state papers, and in most instances written out in his own hand. When this is done, the document goes to the state department, where it is carefully copied in ornamental writing that is almost like engraving, on the official blue paper of that department. The next thing needed on the document is the great seal of the government. This seal is kept by the clerk of pardons and commissions, and it is very carefully guarded under lock and key. Its keeper will not get it out without a special warrant signed by the president, and an impression of the seal is quite a ceremony in itself. When the proclamation has been thus duly signed and sealed, many copies are made of it by clerks, and one is sent to the governor of every state in the union. It is also given out then to the press agents, who telegraph it all over the United States, and in this way the day is announced. The governors, as they receive it, issue one themselves for their state.

The first proclamation, issued by President Washington in 1789, was dated early in October. News could not be telegraphed everywhere in an hour then, and the word from the executive mansion had to travel slowly, so it was got out in plenty of time. Washington's example in the way of issuing a proclamation was not followed by all his successors. The practice stopped with him, and was not revived until Lincoln became president. Since then, however, every succeeding president has issued a proclamation.

Here is that funny composition which a boy wrote about Thanksgiving, which is worth repeating, now that it is timely:

"Thanksgiving was brought over from England by the Puritan Fathers in the year 1620. It has staid here ever since. On Thanksgiving everybody goes to church in the morning, so as to have everything out of the way before dinner. Then you come home and hang around a little while and get awful hungry smelling the turkey. After dinner Thanksgiving is over."—N. Y. Times.

VERIFIED.

Oh, we find on glad Thanksgiving,
When we've passed beyond the soup,
That a bird upon the table
Is worth two out in the coop.
—N. Y. World.

A Welcome Day.

The setting aside of a day of national thanksgiving is one of the finest customs that could grace the record of a prosperous nation, and no time in the year offers more graceful opportunity for living out the spirit of the day to its most practical extent. All expect a good dinner on Thanksgiving. They don't always get it, to be sure, but the day has so long been associated with the thoughts of an exceptionally good meal that the very name of Thanksgiving day almost smells like turkey and cranberry sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

Each in the Market.

"Wasn't it lovely in the Jones' to ask us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them?"

"I don't know; they waited so late I think they expected us to ask them."—Chicago Daily News.

Spreads Itself.

Thanksgiving day makes even the dining-table "turn over a new leaf" and spread itself.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

AT DAWN OF DAY.

Gen. Methuen Attacked the Boers at Belmont.

English Won a Victory—Both Sides Lost Heavily—Reports from the Besieged Towns in South Africa Indicate but Little Change in the Situation.

London, Nov. 23.—Although the situation in Natal is again becoming sufficiently alarming, nothing can be officially ascertained to allay public anxiety regarding the disposition of the reinforcements recently landed at Durban.

London, Nov. 24.—The secretary of war has received the following dispatch through Gen. Walker from Gen. Methuen, dated Belmont, November 23: "Attacked the enemy at daybreak. Was in strong position. Three ridges were carried in succession, the last attack being prepared by shrapnel. Infantry behaved splendidly and received support from the naval brigade and artillery. The enemy fought with courage and skill. Had I attacked later I should have had far heavier loss. Our victory was complete. Have taken 40 prisoners. Am burying a good number of the Boers, but the greater part of the enemy's killed and wounded were removed by their comrades. Have captured a large number of horses and cows and destroyed a large quantity of ammunition.

"Brig. Gen. Fetherstonhaugh was severely wounded in the shoulder and Lieut. Col. Crabbe, of the grenadier guards, is reported wounded. Our other casualties are the following: Grenadier guards: Killed, Lieut. Frye; wounded, one; Second battalion wounded, 4; reported wounded, two; rank and file, killed 26, wounded, 36; missing 13. Coldstream guards: First battalion, wounded 1; Second battalion, wounded 2; rank and file killed 6, wounded 23, missing 5.

"Scots guards: First battalion, wounded 3; rank and file, killed 9, wounded 34. Northumberland fusileers: First battalion, killed 2, wounded 4; rank and file, killed 12, wounded 32. Northamptonshire regiment: Second battalion, wounded 2. South Yorkshire regiment: Second battalion, rank and file, wounded 3."

An official dispatch from Sir Alfred Milner to Mr. Chamberlain reports that thus far the efforts of the Boers to provoke an uprising among the Basutos or to start a civil war have been unsuccessful.

The situation in Natal remains obscure. Fighting is reported at both Estcourt and Ladysmith. It was at first reported that heavy firing had been heard in the direction of Willow Grange, leading to a belief that Gen. Hildyard had made a sortie. Later dispatches announce that Gen. White sortied from Ladysmith and inflicted a demoralizing defeat upon the Boers.

It would be premature to give full credence to either report. What is quite certain is that Ladysmith, Estcourt and Mooi river station are all isolated and the Boers seem able after detaching enough troops to hold three British forces aggregating 17,000 men, to push on toward Pietermaritzburg with 7,000 men.

The Chronicle says: "We learn that the cabinet has decided that the basis of settlement in South Africa will be a united South Africa, modelled upon the Canadian plan. The details have not yet been settled, but it is practically certain that no terms of peace will be accepted by the British government short of British occupation of Pretoria and Bloemfontein."

London, Nov. 25.—Thus far the special dispatches describing the battle of Belmont bear a stereotyped character, proving that the hand of the censor has been at work upon them. They are too incoherent to enable the reader to form an accurate idea of the event, or to place a proper estimate upon the value of the victory.

All the accounts agree respecting the splendid fighting qualities exhibited on both sides. Nothing could have exceeded the steady courage of the British infantry in the face of terrific fire; while the Boer guns were splendidly served, the gunners standing to them with dogged determination, exposing themselves until the very last moment, and only becoming wild and inaccurate in their aim during the final, deadly charge of the British infantry.

All admit, however, that the victory could not be properly followed up, owing to the want of sufficient cavalry. While all the correspondents report the capture of Boer guns, Lord Methuen's own report omits any mention of such an achievement.

As all the evidence tends to show that the enemy's retirement was orderly he will doubtless soon be heard of elsewhere.

Dewey to Visit Chicago May 1, 1900.

Washington, Nov. 24.—"Yes," said Admiral Dewey last night to a reporter, "I received the telegram from the mayor of Chicago supplementing the letter of the Dewey committee of that city inviting me to visit that city on May 1, 1900. Barring any unlooked for circumstances I shall accept the invitation to visit the city on May 1. I have been thinking of some place in which to spend that day, the anniversary of the memorable day of two years before and I don't know of any more agreeable city in which to spend it than Chicago."

A Noted Politician Dies.

Philadelpaia, Nov. 24.—James McManes, who for many years was the acknowledged republican leader of this city, died Thursday in his 78th year. He organized the People's bank and was its president until its failure nearly two years ago, arter its cashier, John Hopkins, had committed suicide. With the affairs of the bank in a very much involved condition, and owing considerable money, Mr. McManes took from his private fortune over $500,000 and reimbursed the creditors and closed the bank's doors forever without its owing a dollar.

$500 Reward

The above Reward will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near the east line of Franklin Housler's farm, on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.

HENRY ACCHU, President.

33-tf.

FINE LIQUOR STORE
—IN—
EMPORIUM, PA.

THE undersigned has opened a first-class Liquor store, and invites the trade of Hotels, Restaurants, &c. We shall carry none but the best American and Imported

WHISKIES, BRANDIES GINS AND WINES,

BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.

Choice line of

Bottled Goods.

IN addition to my large line of liquors I carry constantly in stock a full line of CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Pool and Billiard Room in same building. CALL AND SEE ME.

A. A. McDONALD,
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Bottler of and Dealer in

BEER, WINES, WHISKIES,

And Liquors of All Kinds.

The best of goods always carried in stock and everything warranted as represented.

Especial Attention Paid to Mail Orders.

EMPORIUM, PA.

GO TO

J. A. Kinsler's,

Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.,

Where you can get anything you want in the line of

Groceries, Provisions,

FLOUR, SALT MEATS, SMOKED MEATS, CANNED GOODS, ETC.,

Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Goods Delivered Free any Place in Town.

CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES.
NEAR P. & E. DEPOT

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JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor.
Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.

Bottler and Shipper of

Rochester Lager Beer,

BEST BRANDS OF EXPORT.

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We keep none but the very best Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on short notice. Private families served daily if desired.

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Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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If paid in advance.....$1 50

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POINTED COMMENT.

The cordiality attending the Kaiser's visit to his grandmother, Queen Victoria, must make the grim visage of Oom Paul about four times as long as usual.

***

Voting machines have been adopted in several of the western states. In the east, notably in New Xork, report has been current for some time that "machine" voting is now in vogue.

***

The war in the Transvaal has demonstrated that while armies may be able to worry along with incompetent Generals, an able press censor is indispensable.

***

There need no longer be any doubt as to which party is the breeder of trusts. From 1893 to 1896 when the Democrats were in power, everybody had to ask for credit.

***

After Aguinaldo once more establishes his base of supplies and renews his subscription to the papers, Mme Aguinaldo will begin to study the bargains advertised by the dry goods dealers.

***

Now General Wheeler declares that he will remain in the Philippines. There is no reason to doubt that the gallant old cavalry leader prefers Luzon swamps and Tagalog bullets, to the awful routine of the Congressional session.

***

Uncle Sam stands before the world to-day in the attitude of an honest merchant, who says to the contentious elements of Europe: "Stand back, a fair field, and no favor. I am out for commerce, not for conquest."

***

With every puff of smoke from a factory smokestack, and every toot of a locomotive whistle proclaiming the country's prosperity, it would seem as though the calamity shouters would need a new issue next year.

***

Congressman-elect Roberts, of Utah, has declared his intention of not resigning, and of "fighting it out." Unless appearances are deceiving, Mr. Roberts will encounter a catastrophe as complete as that which overtook the bull that attempted to resist the locomotive.

***

Mr. Reed sees disaster for the Republican party unless a gold standard is definately established by Congress at the coming session, all of which goes to show that Mr. Reed still has some interest in politics even though he is a New York lawyar.

***

The accusers of Gen. Funston are preparing themselves for a warm shower about the time the gallant General reaches his native heath. It should be remembered that the General has been in fihting trim for sometime and he may take advantage of his preparedness to trim some of his defamers.

***

Former President Cleveland, amid the quietude of Princeton, is devoting himself to domestic duties most assiduously, finding relaxation occasionally, it is said, by penning an imaginary pension veto, thus to keep his hand in should Presidential nomination lightning come his way a fourth time.

***

Those eminent antis, Carl Schurz and William J. Bryan, have had a falling out, Mr. Schurz declaring that if Mr. Bryan continues his free silver arguments he will spoil the anti-imperialist broth. Will not someone kindly rescue Mr. Schurz and his broth?

***

It will be interesting to watch the Democratic press in its effort to demonstrate that Gov. Roosevelt is the logical successor to Mr. Hobart on next year's Republican ticket. But the gallant Rough Rider is looking higher than the Vice Presidency, and his ambition will probably be gratified.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by L. Taggart.

v31-n2-ly

The Frenchman goes out to fight for his monarchy, his empire or his republic, the Englishman for his king and queen, the German for his fatherland, and the American for his country.—Ex.

The croakers have stopped croaking about the terrible and wanton loss of life among United States troops in our recent wars, now that they have an opportunity to contrast it with the losses by the British army in South Africa.

Admiral Farragut's old flagship, the Hartford, which has been reconstructed at the Mare Island navy yard, San Francisco, is again in commission and will soon sail around the Horn for New York, where she will be used as a training ship.

Democratic managers who are looking for a "running" mate for Col. Bryan, would perhaps do well to select Gen. Aguinaldo. That gentleman has shown remarkable sprinting qualities of late and he is puite in harmony on other matters with the proposed head of the Popocratic ticket in 1900.

Farmers who observe that "territorial fine medium scoured" wools are now worth sixty cents a pound in the New York market against 30 cents in 1895, under the Democratic free-trade tariff law, and that "XX Ohio" wools now bring 32 cents in the same market against 16 cents in 1895, will not advise their Democratic friends to make tariff a leading issue in 1900.

How will the croakers of 1896 be able to make any headway in the campaign of 1900 in the face of the announcements of the commercial papers quoted by them so largely in 1896, which now show that the total number of failures in the quarter ending with September, 1899, was but 2,000, against 3,737 in the corresponding quarter of 1896. and the liabilities but $17, 640,000 against $73,285,000 in the corresponding quarter of 1896?

An indication as to whether the industries really thrive best under a protective or non protective tariff may be found in the Treasury figures for the month of October, 1899, compared with those of October, 1896. Under the Dingley protective tariff law in 1899, the importation of articles in their crude condition for use in manufacturing amounted to $23,343,683, against $11,300,258, in Oct. 1896, under the low tariff law framed especially to give free importation to goods for the use of manufacturers. Manufacturers have no use for raw material, whether duty-free orotherwise, unless they can find a marke tfor their manufactures.

Those Democratic campaign orators who are dusting up their tariff speeches of 1896, for use in 1900, will find it necessary to change the lines in which they asserted that a a protective tariff hinders foreign trade. The latest statistics of our export trade show that the exportation of manufactures in the ten months ending with October amounted to $311,369,000 against $253,177,000 in the corresponding months of last year, indicating that the export of manufactures for the full year will be nearly $70,000,000 in excess of those of last year. For the ten months of the year they have averaged considerably more than $1,000,000 a day and in October they were nearly $34,000,000.

The new year is likely to see the money in circulation in the United States close to the $2,000,000,000 mark. The figures on November 1 were $1,963,716,148. Add to this the $25,000,000 put into circulation through the redeeming of outstanding bonds by the Treasury Department, and the constant increase in the country's circulation as registered from month to month, and it seems likely that Mr. Bryan will soon be confronted with a circulation of $2,000,000,000, notwithstanding his "continuous performance statement since 1896, that no increase was possible without the free coinage of silver, and at which time the country's circulation was but $1,627,055,614.

Leading silver Republicans of Idaho are refusing to co-operate longer with the Democrats and Populists and are preparing to return to Republican ranks. Secretary of State Patrie, who was elected as a silver Republican in fusion with Democrats, has written a letter to leading silver Republicans of the State, saying: "I do not see that up to date anything has been accomplished by the coalition of the silver Republicans with the Democracy except the upbuilding of the Democratic party and the destruction of the Republican party in the States in which silver Republicans were strong," and adds that "it would be impossible for me to identy myself with the Democracy and become a Democrat."

No better evidence of prosperity can be found than the rapidly increasing demand for freight carriers on the railroads and lakes. Grain, coal, lumber and iron men are complaining bitterly that they cannot get cars and steamships to move their freights, despite the fact that every nerve is being strained by manufacturers to increase the supply of vehicles for transportation. Car shortages are reported by the large companies at from 1,500 to 5,000 cars and already the iron producers of the Northwest have chartered vessels for next season's service, thus insuring a a greater amount of iron ore than ever before known. The American Car and Factory Company, which is manufacturing steel freight cars, has recently taken orders for over $14,000,000 worth of new cars.

A Pleasant Picture.

The inevitable has happened. There is such a conditiou of prosperity and material growth as the mind of man never imagined and a sense of stability and confidence the like of which was never before known. The defeats and disasters of peace under Cleveland have been exchanged for the victories of war and the triumphs of common sense under McKinley, whose administrasion has had two foreign wars to carry to a successful and honorable end, and yet at this stage of its course reduces the national debt by twenty-five millions of dollars! The Secretary of the Treasury's announcement yesterday that he desired to buy in Governmnet bonds to that amount is pregnant with instruction for all.

When Mr. Cleveland went to Washington to enter upon his second term as President the industries of country had also been wrought to a pitch of unusual prosperity. The accounts in the great commercial and manufacturing centres had been made up at the end of the year and they were most satisfactory. In New England especially, the volume of business was unprecedented, the scale of wages the highest that had been known and the returns upon capital well distributed and remunerative.—Throughout the West a like condition had been enjoyed and every material foundation of business was sound. Still there was a chill upon the air. The wheels continued to revolve but it was of their own momentum. Doubt, and then apprehension, the worst enemies of enterprise, had taken the place of confidence and tranquility.

Had the hordes of the Huns been let forth upon the internal commerce of the country they could hardly have made a worse wreck than Mr. Cleveland's administration made. He turned every business upside down. His tariff lucubrations paralyzed every mill from ocean to ocean, and after shock had succeeded shock and enterprise was numb and seemingly forever dead, he went out of the office leaving the Government some two hundred millions of dollars more in debt than it was when he went in. He had sold bonds for money to pay the federal expenses.

Mr. McKinley's administration adjusted the tariff to the end that mistrust might be allayed. It has not meddled needlessly with the money question. It has avoided every subject that could disturb the repose of business. What has been the result? Confidence has been restored. Enterprise has been re-awakened. Capital has not had to look to Washington to make sure that the application of a theory would not wreck it as soon as it was invested, and every man has felt himself secure in the expenditure of energy and money.—N. Y. Sun.

WASHINGINGTON GETTING READY FOR CONGRESS.

Senators and Representatives Arriv- for the Coming Session--Comment on Timely Topics.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27th, 1899.

Prosident McKinley is higly pleased with the reports of Gen. Otis on the success of the campaign in the Philippines, showing Aguinaldo to be a fugitive and members of his family and of his so-called government, prisoners. It looks now as though Gen. Grosvenor's prediction, made a few weeks ago, that the Filipino insurrection would be over by the time Congress assembled, would prove correct. In fact, Secretary Root regards the insurrection as already over, so far as organized fighting is concerned. The ending of the insurrection will spike the guns of many of the antis in Congress, and they will have to hunt a new subject for fault-finding.

The Senate Finance Committee, or rather the Republican members of that committee, held a meeting to-day to consider the financial bill prepared by the Republican House Caucus Committee. So far the Senators have not agreed to accept the bill as drawn by the House Committee, of which Col. Henderson is Chairman, as a whole, although agreeing to the principal points therein, and the House Committee has declined to drop their bill and adopt the one prepared by the Senators. Present plans for handling this bill in the House do not contemplate its being referred to a committee. In fact it may be passed by the House before the Committees are announced, although Col. Henderson has said that he would announce the Committees before the Holiday recess. The caucus committee will report the bill to the Republican Caucus that will be held at the end of this week, to nominate officers of the House, and it is expected that the caucus will endorse the bill, and adopt a resolution in favor of its being reported directly to the House, as a caucus measure, and passed.

The Republican leaders of the House, after carefully considering the subject, have practically decided that it will not be advisable to make any radical changes in the House rules, which have been very nearly the same during the last two Congresses. There are some proposed changes which are favored by a considerable number of Republican members and which might have been made had the Republican majority in the House been a little larger. As it will be with the Republican majority only in the teens, and the Reed rules are considered necessary to insure Republican control of House legislation.

The expulsion of Representative-elect Roberts, of Utah, from the House, which is probable anyway, will become an absolute certainty if the Mormons continue such tactics as making boasts that they have secured pledges from a sufficient number of members to prevent the adoption by the necessary two-thirds vote of a resolution for his expulsion. The only possible show that Roberts has to retain his seat lies in his ability to convince the members that the Mormons are not responsible for his nomination and election, and not interested in having him keep his seat, and it may be imagined what that show will be when this Mormon boast becomes generally known among members. A number of them expressed the opinion that such talk, of itself, was valid ground for the expulsion of Roberts. A plan of keeping Roberts out of the House has been suggested, and if the Clerk of the House, who presides until the Speaker is elected, agrees to it, only a majority vote would be required. This plan is to raise an objection when he presents himself to be sworn in. If the Clerk entertains this objection, the House could either sustain the objection, or refer the matter to a committee for investigation and report. In either case a majority vote would keep Roberts out. There are, however, serious objections to this plan and it may not be adopted.

Secretary Root's annual report just completed, takes strong ground in favor of the immediate appointment of civil governors for Porto Rico and Cuba, and it is regarded as probable that the appointments will be made before the first of the year, although in the case of Cuba, there is much opposition. President McKinley has the matter under consideration, and it was to get the benefit of the advice of Gen. Leonard Wood, in whose judgment he has much confidence, that he ordered Gen. Wood to Washington, where he has just arrived.

Spreads Like Wildfire.

You can't keep a good thing down. News of it travels fast. When things are "the best" they become "the best selling." Abraham Hare. a leading druggist of Belleville, O., writes: Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have ever handled in my twenty years experience." You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, run down man or woman. Only 50 cents. Sold by L. Taggart, Druggist. Guaranteed.

Always pay your milkman spot cash never request him to "chalk it up."

It requires a constable to take a man up and a stenographer to take him down.

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Estate of Lucretia T. Edgecomb, Deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on the Estate of Lucretia T. Edgecomb, late of Emporium borough, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, have been granted to Henry Edgecomb, residing in said Borough, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay.

HENRY EDGECOMB, Executor.

B. W. GREEN,
C. W. SHAFFER,
Solicitors for Executor.
Emporium, Pa., Nov. 4th, 1899.—37-6t

DON'T SPECULATE

Until you hear my plans. I am formulating syndicates of ten, which will be operated on my own system. Send two cent stamp for my booklet; "Scalping in Wall St."

COLGATE FALES & CO.,
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nov.

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Some are found bleeding and sore, while others have a fit of the blues. Now if there should be any so unfortunate as to suffer from the effects of accidents we have the Balm for their pains and aches, let it be either for man or beast.

Our liniment and powders for horses or cattle are always the best.

Our medicines are pure and always get there. The prices are right, too.

Our patent medicine department is supplied with all the standard remedies and we can supply your on short notice.

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FASHIONABLE AND UP-TO-DATE

Merchant Tailors

ARE

R. SEGER & CO.,

Opposite M. E. Church, Emporium, Pa.

We have prepared for the rush in business and while we are busy we always have time to serve our old patrons. NEW STYLES in piece goods for early winter are now ready for inspection. There is no use of sending to Philadelphia, Buffalo or any other place for clothing. You pay more money than we charge and goods are no better, fit no better and you send the money away from home.

OUR PRICES are up-to date and if we do not give you satisfaction we will make it right.

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JUST RECEIVED!

AT THE FAIR,

H. A. ZARPS & CO.,

Ladies Coats, Capes and Satin Skirts.

Fascinators,
Collarrettes,
Winter Hosiery,
Winter Underwear,
Ladies Wrappers.

New and beautiful line of

China and Glassware.

Our large Store is a

WONDERLAND ITSELF.

No Cheap Trash, but we sell at low prices.

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NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

—AT—

H. C. OLMSTED

STORE.

We are stocking up the store with new and seasonable goods.

An elegant assortment of Ladies Capes and Jackets, on which we can save you money.

NEW DRESS GOODS,
UNDERWEAR,
HOSIERY,
GLOVES and
MITTENS,
MEN'S, BOYS', GIRLS and CHILDREN'S HATS and CAPS.

We also have a good assortment of the Assigned stock, which we are closing at great bargains.

C. JAY GOODNOUGH,
ASSIGNEE.

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CLOTHING HOUSE,

Metzger Block, Opp. Post-office,

Is giving away a SHOE POLISHING STAND to each and every purchaser of $15.00 worth of goods from our store.

The latest styles in

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

The popular shapes in HATS and CAPS, including the stylish "Broadway Special" and "Electric City Special." Call and see these popular hats. None more stylish in the country. We are the exclusive agents for these celebrated hats, in Cameron county.

Our Prices are Right

Jasper Harris,
PROPRIETOR,
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DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

R. C. DODSON,
—THE—
Druggist,
EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..
THANKSGIVING EXCESSES.

Thanksgiving is hard on the digestion. People eat heavily of richest sort of food and feel depressed in consequence. Don't be alarmed—there is no need for worry. Doctor will give you good advice. Will tell you what to take. Prescription he gives will be best filled by us. You get confidence by taking what he recommends. You get health from what we prepare for you from his prescription.

R. C. DODSON.

EMPORIUM
MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 21, 1899.

NEMOPHILA, per sack,	$1 10
Graham, "	55
Rye "	55
Buckwheat, "	75
Patent Meal, "	40
Coarse Meal, per 100,	95
Chop Feed, "	95
White Middlings, "	1 10
Bran, "	1 00
Corn, per bushel,	53
White Oats, per bushel,	40
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed, Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass,	At Market Prices.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Abou "Bill" Bryan.

Paraphrase on Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem." Contributed.

Abou "Bill" Bryan, may his tribe decrease,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And seated in the moon-light in his room,
Making it bright and silverlike in gloom,
He saw an angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding "gall" had made "Bill" Bryan bold
And to the presence in his room he said,
"What writest thou?" the vision raised its head,
And with a look of what he might expect,
Answered their names who'll get it in the neck,"
"And am I one?" asked Abou, "I don't know,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spake more low
But cheerily still and said, "I pray you sir
"Write me as one not liable to err."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again in all the white November light,
And showed the names of those knocked "gally-west,"
And lo, "Bill" Bryan's name led all the rest.
—Advocate.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card, or letter, personally.

Ed. Ingersoll, of Straight Creek, was shaking hands with Emporium friends on Sunday.

Geo. L. Jackson, who has been working at the furnace, has returned to his home in Ridgway.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Collins, of Austin, visited Robt. Dodson and family last Saturday and Sunday.

Herbert Olmsted, book-keeper for Elk Tanning Company, at Sterling Run, visited with his parents in Emporium on Sunday.

Mrs. Orrin Easterbrooks, of West Ward, was called to Corning, N. Y., last week, on account of the death of her father.

Chas. Wiley came up from Sterling Run on Sunday and spent the day with his mother and sisters (and some other fellow's sister) until mail east.

Fred Tompkins returned Saturday evening from Friendship, N. Y., where he was called by the serious illness of his father which terminated in death.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McGinness, of Kane, were called here last Thursday on account of the serious illness of Geo. W. Bupp. Mrs. McG. is Mrs. Bupp's sister.

Geo. B. Barclay, of Sinnemahoning, transacted business in Emporium on Monday. We are pleased to note that Mr. Barclay's health is greatly improved this fall.

Mr. Henry Anchu, while returning from his old home in Canada stopped and visited a few days with his daughter, Miss Hattie, who is attending school at Montreal. He reports her well.

F. H. Murry, of Buffalo, N. Y., was in Emporium Tuesday, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Murry, on Third street, while on his way to Williamsport to spend Thanksgiving with friends.

J. B. Schriever, wife and daughter, Irene, returned home from Wilkes-Barre, on Wednesday evening, to eat Thanksgiving dinner with ye old folks.

Frank G. Hoag, of Sterling Run, visited in town yesterday.

Ed. More is home from Titusville to visit his mother for a few weeks.

County Commissioner Ira Barclay, of Potter county, was in Emporium last evening.

B. W. Green and family are eating Thanksgiving dinner on iheir farm in Tioga county.

Mrs. John B. Wykoff and Mrs. J. F. Wolfe, of Sinnemahoning were shopping in town yesterday.

Miss Eva Brooks, of Sinnemahoning, visited in Emporium last Saturday, guest of Miss Elvia Whiting.

Albert Bair and wife, of Jersey Shore, arrived in Emporium last evening to visit Mr. Bair's parents for a few days.

We are pleased to learn that our young friend Olivine Downey, who is under medical treatment at Harrisburg, is improving.

N. N. Metcalf, General Supt. of F. H. Goodyear's lumber operations was in Emporium last evening, guest at the Warner House.

Chas. Gleason, county commissioner, came to Emporium on business, Monday. Incidentally he inquired after the general health of his friend, Goodnough, whose marriage was dangerously near, and desired to give him a few pointers.

L. G. Goodnough, editor of the Cornwall (N. Y.) Local, accompanied by his estimable wife, favored the PRESS with a pleasant call on Tuesday, while here attending the wedding of the former's brother, Prothonotary C. J. Goodnough.

Mrs. Geo. Taber, of Cal., was the guest of Mrs. Riley Warner over Sunday. Mrs. Taber is the widow of Geo. Taber, who will be pleasantly remembered by many of our citizens as a popular P. & E. conductor. Mr. Taber has been dead about five years.

James M. Davison came up from Sterling Run on Saturday and visited with friends. He has been appointed manager of McOwen & Company's store at Sterling Tannery, to succeed Mr. T. H. Norris, who recently moved to Portland Mills.

We were pleased to meet our old and greatly esteemed friend Thos. H. Norris, of Portland Mills, last Tuesday evening. Mr. Norris came to attend the wedding of Prothonotary C. Jay Goodnough to Miss Florence Olmsted. The many friends of Mr. Norris were glad to meet him.

F. A. Leet, Esq., of Coudersport, while in Emporium last Tuesday attending the Olmsted-Goodnough wedding called to see the PRESS and made us happy "for a minute," as he put it. Mr. Leet is now in Moore & Crandall's law office at Coudersport. We shall be mistaken if our young and greatly esteemed friend does not make his mark in his chosen profession.

Charles A. Bell and S. J. Bell, of Lebanon, have been in Emporium for several days, being called here by Supt. Brady to make some slight repairs in the furnace. The former gentleman will be pleasantly remembered as the gentleman who had charge of the furnace repairs last summer, and, in company with his estimable wife, made many friends in Emporium. The gentlemen were out pheasant hunting on Monday and no doubt their Lebanon friends will feast when they receive that baker's dozen.

Henry Auchu, who has just returned from visiting his mother in Canada, was a doubly welcome visitor to the PRESS sanctum on Monday, accompanied by Albert Boutain, another of our substantial French citizens, whose recent return from Alaska has enabled him to live in ease and comfort. While both gentlemen delight to talk of olden times in Canada and believe it is a country of untold riches for the future generation to develop, yet they are enthusiastic American citizens and believe this the greatest, grandest and best government on God's green earth. We enjoyed the gentlemens' visit and hope they may drop in often.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great remedy; and have the satisfaction of knowing that it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs are surely cured by it. Call on L. Taggart, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

If you want a Tenant.
If you want a Boarder,
If you want to Sell Anything,
If you want to Borrow money,
If you want to Buy Anything,—
If you want to Lend Money,
Advertise in the PRESS.

UP TO DATE
BOOK COMMERCIAL AND JOB PRINTING
AT THIS OFFICE.

A CURIOUS PROCESS.

STRIPPING SALMON OF THEIR EGGS AT FISH HATCHERIES.

After the Operation the Big Fish Are Placed Back In the Water None the Worse For Their Experience Out of Their Natural Element.

There are two methods which are employed by fish culturists to propagate food and game fish. One is to catch the young fish, the fry, and transport them to other waters where it is desired to introduce them. The other is to strip the female fish of her eggs and to impregnate them artificially.

All the attempts that have been made to propagate black bass by stripping the female of their eggs have been failures so far, and the only method that can be applied to them is to catch the fry and nurse them till they are strong enough to be liberated. Other fish, notably the shad and the salmon, are readily stripped, and the results are wonderful, as the percentage of eggs that fail to hatch is exceedingly small.

Were either fry or eggs left to nature only an excessively small proportion would grow into adult fishhood. Apart from those which would die naturally a tremendous quantity would fall prey to the host of enemies—insects, crustacea, fish, birds and mammals—that is waiting for the spawn or the tiny fish.

Any one who has handled fish freshly caught knows how delicate they appear to be and how quickly they die after leaving the water. Yet the experts in the service of the various state and of the United States fish commissions handle millions of the most sensitive food and game fish every year, and few of them die from the process.

The process of handling a female salmon that is heavy with spawn which it is desired to take from her is a decidedly interesting and extremely simple one and may be explained so as to be readily understood. First the fish are led to swim into a confined space where they can be reached with the landing net. The manipulation of this dip net alone requires no mean skill. It must not bruise the floundering fish and must lift the creature in such a way that it does not scrape the scales from its sides as it struggles. Wherever a scale is torn from a fish, particularly in fresh water, fungus is almost certain to form, and that is generally fatal.

After the fish is in the net the latter is lifted carefully, and the operator's hand slides downward, gently but firmly, till it grasps the body immediately above the tail. Then he draws the fish from the net and holds it head downward. That serves to show at once whether the fish is "ripe"—that is, whether the eggs have reached that stage of development which permits of stripping. If the fish is perfectly ripe, the eggs sink toward the head.

If the fish is found satisfactory, the operator places a pan between his legs and holds the fish firmly in his arm. With the right hand he encircles the salmon just back of the gills and, squeezing the fish gently, slides the hand down toward the tail, when the eggs spout into the pan. They are hard then and rattle into the receptacle like peas. Later, after they have been in the hatching frames for a time, they get larger and softer, having absorbed much water.

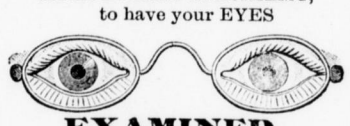
After the eggs have been drawn from the female fish she is placed back into the water, none the worse for her trials. Then the milt from a ripe male fish is pressed into the pan in the same way, and the impregnated eggs are ready to be hatched.

Under favorable conditions 90 days is the period of incubation for the grand landlocked salmon, one of the finest game fishes in the world and hardly inferior to any as a good fish. The first sign of life in the eggs is the formation of a little clot, generally red or pink, which increases with remarkable rapidity, until in a few days the complete form of a little fish is plain to the eye.

But it is rather a hideous little monster that wriggles out of the egg finally. It resembles a fish only because it wriggles and moves like one. Otherwise it looks more like a fevered dream after too much broiled lobster or Welsh rabbit. It is a transparent body, with a globular swelling where its fine, fishlike lines ought to be, and its eyes are immense goggles. Then the fish wise men watch the things most carefully.

This is a critical period of the young things' growth, and a fall or a rise of a degree in the temperature of the water may mean death to millions of salmon. Generally men remain on guard night and day in the big hatcheries to watch their charges at this time. If they pull through, it is beautiful to see the successive changes as the tiny swimmers cast off their hideous appendages and turn into dainty, slender, silvery creatures that dart through the water like bubbles of air and form in thick swarms in the corners of the tanks, where they hang like bees.—New York Press.

What's in a Name?
JUST THIS.
When you go to J. D. KILLHEFFER, the EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST, to have your EYES



EXAMINED,
You know he will treat you honestly and fit you with the proper Glasses.
Will be at Store of
R. H. HIRSCH.
Emporium, Pa.,
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1899.
Home Office and Factory, 1018 Chestnut Street, Philapelphia, Pa.
BELLATI, KILLHEFFER & Co., Ltd., Opticians.

Greeting

We are having a big trade in groceries and meats, the biggest we ever remember.

WHY?

Because we do business on business principles. We cater alike to the masses and carry a line of goods to suit the purse of the poorest or the fastidious taste of the richest.

We carry a complete line of Groceries and Meats and the quality is always the best.

Give us a call.

Alex. McDougall,
Groceries and Meat.
Emporium, Pa.

S. E. MURRY,
PRACTICAL
PLUMBER, GAS
AND
STEAM FITTER.

I have recently added an entirely new line of Plumbing Goods to my already large stock. I handle and keep constantly in stock

GAS AND
STEAM FITTINGS,
SEWER PIPES,
GAS STOVES, ETC.

My store room is well supplied with Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Gas Lamps and anything required in my trade. Contracts taken for all lines of work; satisfaction guaranteed.
Write me when you have any work in my line.
Out of town orders promptly attended to.

S. E. MURRY.

THE
Thanksgiving

TURKEY,

IS an esssential part of the Thanksgiving Dinner and to insure against disappointment you should place your order at once, it not already provided for.

This New England day of Thanksgiving has now become generally observed throughout the United States and to enjoy it thoroughly everyone wants a good dinner. The articles necessary to the satisfactory supply of this want can be found in our store, and any and all orders, great or small, will have our prompt and careful attention.

Will have fresh oysters Thursday morning.

WE are thankful for past favors, and hope for a continuance of same, trusting we may be able to give you better service in the future than in the past.

Store open until noon on Thanksgiving Day.

J. H. DAY.

Closing Out at Cost.

Having determined to close out my entire stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, etc., at once in order to make room for the large Grocery and Meat trade coming my way, I shall dispose of

Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Dry Goods, Etc., at Cost.

SEE THESE BARGAINS.

40 Pieces Print at 4c, former price 7c.
50 Pieces Apron Ginghan, 5c, former price, 8c.
20 Pieces Cambric Lining, 3c, former price, 6c.
10 Pieces Shambra, 10c, former price, 12½c.
20 Pieces Dress Goods, at one-half former price.
15 Pieces Canton Flannel, at cost.
15 Pieces Outing Flannel, best quality, 8c.
20 Pieces Toweling at cost.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Bleached and Unbleached Muslin, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery, Colt's Spool Cotton, Corsets, White Goods, Notions, Ribbons, Carpet Warp, Table Oil Cloth, Yarn, Etc., Etc.

Large Line of Corsets at and below Cost.

NO FAKE SALE. YOURS FOR THE MONEY.

A Clean Sweep of the Dry Goods Department.

Our Popular Grocery and Meat Market,

Is more popular than ever and we shall continue to improve to meet the wants of the people. New goods received daily. In Meats and Poultry we have always been on the front seat of the band wagon and held the reins. Our meats are always nice, fresh and healthful. Home-fed cattle have always been our motto, and you know what you are eating when you buy of us.

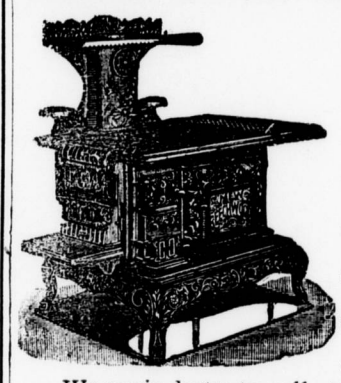
Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

FRANK SHIVES.

LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE!

We extend our compliments to the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties for their rapidly and increasing patronage. We would invite all to see our large display of GENERAL HARDWARE and BUILDERS' MATERIAL. We would call especial attention to our

COOKING. HEATING AND GAS STOVES



Comprising the best in the world. Our old and popular Store is headquarters for many useful articles and house-keepers should call and see what we have.

We again desire to call attention to our OIL and GAS STOVES. The Ladies delight.

THE WELSBACH LIGHT.

This popular light the great gas saver, is growing in popular with our people. All who desire to economize in gas bills should use these burners. Call and see them.

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.

WAKING DREAMS.

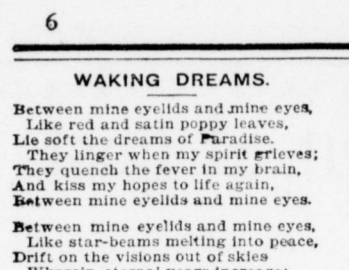
Between mine eyelids and mine eyes,
Like red and satin poppy leaves,
Lie soft the dreams of Paradise.
They linger when my spirit grieves;
They quench the fever in my brain,
And kiss my hopes to life again,
Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes,
Like star-beams melting into peace,
Drift on the visions out of skies
Wherein eternal years increase;
I lose my anchorage to earth,
And feel the light of second birth
Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes,
With love's bright mystery and grace,
My precious friends without disguise,
With benedictions in each face,
Walk slowly midst the trees and flowers,
Or sleep within the garden bowers—
Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes
A wandering spirit sweet as sleep
Comes singing where the daylight dies;
And tuneful founts of tears aleap
Begem the path her footsteps trod;
In hers my dim-eyed soul saw God,
Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.
I live and conquer, see and know.
O let my spirit on this wise
Along the trackless confines go!
No other universe so sweet
As this—forever bright, complete—
Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.
—Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.



By CHAUNCY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

It was my final moment. Casting a quick look over the table for anything in the matter of writing that might be used as a pass, my eye spied the rolls of money which had been given me, but nothing else of service was in sight and there was not an instant to lose in investigation. Releasing Clinton, I jumped for the gold, swept it into my pocket, and seizing Scammell's cloak as I went, ran to the window, barely evading the grasp of Mrs. Badely, who made a bob at me and would have hung like a leech had she fastened to my clothing.

In less than a second I was over the rail, and, landing on the turf, took to my heels, pointing myself to the earthworks of the deserted "Oyster Battery," which had been erected by the Americans exactly in the rear of headquarters and on the edge of the Hudson.

This battery, grass-grown, dismantled, and neglected as useless by the British, I knew would be no permanent cover, but its embankments made a temporary shield betwixt me and a possible shot from the house had my line of flight been discovered. It was a fair post for a minute's observation and reflection, and, bounding through an empty embrasure, I dodged down, and then raising my head above the edge of the works, looked back.

To my astonishment I was not at once pursued, though two or three figures appeared at the window I had gone through, all others being seemingly deserted. I had to thank the day for my good fortune, as the Sabbath was a time for general relaxation, and were it not for that my chances would have been next to naught. Few soldiers were about, a corporal's guard only being before the house when I entered it, but that there would soon be wild confusion and a general turning out I had small doubts.

The banks of the Hudson at this point terminated in a steep bluff, at the bottom of which was a narrow strip of beach. Once on the sands, I might run along screened from those at a distance, but could easily be headed and captured like a fish in a purse net. I took the risk, however, and sliding down the steep, sped northward for some ways, coming to the top undiscovered and at the edge of the burned district.

Into this wilderness of destruction I plunged, but soon slackened my pace to a walk to avoid marked observation from those who inhabited the shanties abounding throughout the ruins. I was fairly safe for the present, and decided there to halt and take stock in myself and circumstances, especially as I had no definite plans before me.

It came to me that I was now doubly damned—first, as a spy; second, for doing violence to the person of the highest functionary in America. I was without means of escape from the city, and entirely unarmed. I would be hunted like a wolf, and with less mercy from one quarter at least. In short, though I was then breathing free air, I was in desperate straits, and, being so, it took little reflection to see the necessity for acting like a desperate man.

I came, then, to this decision: I would attempt a return to the tavern, recover my arms and the paper of instructions, the last of which might at least add weight to my assumed character and help me in forcing my way through the lines—a move that had become imperative, and might be successful if I acted with dispatch. Then to the Dove I would go, and throw myself under the protection of Stryker, whom, I had reason to believe, was one of the true men secretly helping the patriot cause.

Of the brave girl to whom I had sacrificed the pass (an act I did not for a moment regret) I thought much. Like me, she was marked for destruction; like me, she had now two virulent enemies, for I could not help believing that Mrs. Badely was at the bottom of Clinton's desire to remove her from a field which threatened the social supremacy and interests of that lady. I wondered how she had fared and in what direction she had fled.

But I was in no position for long wonderment. Rising from my seat, I walked on until I had reached a point opposite King street, then coming out into the Broadway, crossed it and got myself to the rear of the tavern. The man who interfered with me now would be past praying for, but to my surprise I met with no opposition on passing through the kitchen and bounding up the back stairs, marking only the frightened looks of the two women who were cooking.

In a moment I gained my room. It was in a terrible state of confusion. Bloody bedclothes strewed the floor, the mattress was ripped open, blood was upon the table (doubtless Scammell had been laid thereon), and the dust of plaster covered everything. Scammell himself was gone, and likewise was gone the paper I had counted on. My arms, however, were unmolested. The ammunition had been swept from the shelf to the floor in probable search for treasonable documents (which search also accounted for the general disorder), but no part of it was missing, nor, barring the paper, had any of my personal property been taken from the room. I felt new strength as I fastened on my sword and stuffed the pistols in my belt, and, taking my rifle, I went out, the way I had gone in, and still without opposition.

And still without opposition or interruption I regained the burned district. It had been a miracle, but I was now no better off than before, save that I was armed and commanded the lives of at least three men when the attempt should be made to take me.

I was aware that the wilderness of blackened walls and charred timber, which seemed such a haven at present, would be about the first region over which an organized search would be prosecuted. The very unlikelihood of my returning to the tavern had made it possible for me to enter, regain my arms and leave unmolested, while the darkest holes of the city would be thoroughly scoured, and that at once. To burrow into a crevice in this field of desolation might be possible, but it would end in starvation and final discovery. To disguise myself was not possible, nor, had I the means, would it have availed me much, as my unusual size would have made disguise of little more than temporary benefit. My line of flight, which might easily be traced along the sands of the strip of beach, pointed plainly toward the region which I was now traversing, and to remain in its vicinity was tantamount to placing myself within easy reach of my pursuers. I had but one expedient, and that to elude capture until nightfall by placing myself where there was the least liability of search, and, under cover of darkness, boldly attempting to force the lines at a spot remote from the regular roads of travel.

To this end I bethought me of taking to water, and by swimming outflank the defenses; but I soon realized that the banks of either river would be doubly guarded by sentinels and patrol boats, though, aside from the risk, I gave over the idea, as the attempt would necessitate my complete disarming.

Turning northward, therefore, I kept within the limits of the black desolation until I reached its upper termination. Leaving it behind, I cut through the grounds of King's college, walking with apparent carelessness, then on to the hospital, through its confines, and still onward over a garden or two and a field until I had arrived at the edge of Lispenard's Meadows.

I dared not trust myself to its broad open; I could have been too easily marked from a distance, so I turned me toward the Hudson, keeping the while close to the shrubbery which defined the meadow's limits, and finally took refuge under a chestnut tree, though ere long I was up it and as far toward its top as I durst venture.

Years after I looked in vain for this tree, but it had fallen under the ax, as fell all the heavy timber on the island during the terrible winter of 1780.

I was now wet through. The cloak I had continued to wear to prevent easy identification, together with the reeking weather and the showers of water which had poured from the wet leaves, had saturated me, and I was anything save comfortable as I sat astride a bough and waited for the day to end.

It was something after five o'clock, but as yet I had discovered no signs of pursuit in my direction. To beguile the time, I reloaded my rifle and pistols, though I laid more reliance on my strength of arm and hardness of fist to overcome a single guard than I did on firearms. The great wet meadow stretched before me like a green sea, broken only by the clump of trees which was to have been my dueling ground on the morrow, and the sluggish brook taking its rise from the Collect, cutting in twain lengthwise and draining the plain which had once been a dangerous and pestilence-breeding quagmire. The thunderstorm had passed, but the sky was yet heavily overcast, promising a dark, wet night (which suited my purpose), and by the time the sun set and I swung myself from my lofty perch the rain was coming down, not in torrents, but with a steady drip-drop that told of a decided change of weather.

I had no preparations to make, nor from the point at which I had been hiding had I a long distance to go before coming to the line of defenses. This line was not a continuous embankment, but consisted of short breastworks and redoubts at no great distance apart, every foot of the intervening spaces being patrolled by sentinels. I had resolved to strike the line near its center, or about midway betwixt the Kingsbridge and Greenwich roads, and so walked straight over the meadows, crossing the brook and feeling my way up the rising ground of the northern boundary of the great field.

It was not yet dark, but through the gloom I soon made out that I was exactly in the rear of a redoubt. Retracing my steps, I worked eastward, then again headed north, and this time found myself at the end of a slight dip of the ground, with fortifications on the heights at either hand. The way between appeared unobstructed by military works, though what guard was there posted I could not guess, and as yet it was too light to attempt the passage.

Still protecting my primings, I threw myself on the sodden ground, and in this fashion lay waiting, while the minutes dragged and the half hour seemed lengthened to an age. I say half hour, but it might have been more or less. There was no sound save the patter of the rain, the dismal chirrup of a forlorn tree toad, and an occasional hail of a guard. Finally, the gloom grew to dusk, the dusk to darkness, and that to pitchiness in the tree-shadowed passage which lay before me. And now I girded myself for the attempt, fully conscious that my life and death hung finely balanced.

I had first thought of crawling through the line like a snake, belly down, but the distance and nature of the ground made such a course impossible unless I was to take the whole night to it, and if discovered I would be taken at a disadvantage. Rising, therefore, I stepped behind a tree, slung my rifle across my back, and drew my cloak well about my sword, throwing back the garment in a manner that left my right arm free. From this cover I slipped to another and another, and so onward until I found myself at what I thought to be the edge of a small clearing beyond, but I could neither see nor hear aught ahead, a fact causing me some perplexity. I was debating the feasibility of advancing boldly and risking an encounter, or staying until I could locate the sentinel I knew must be near, when to my right I caught the shadow of a man walking across my line of progress. As he came close I heard him humming a tune below his breath, and hoped he would pass on that I might step over his beat unnoticed. There was nothing white about me but my face, and I bent it low that it might not betray me. On he came until he reached the tree under which I was standing, and there halting, leaned his gun against the bole and put his hand into his pocket, presumably for tobacco, for I heard him spit forth a quid.

He was within a pace of me, and why he did not feel my presence I cannot guess. But I was in a predicament, for should he turn I was lost. If I moved forward or backward I was lost, but if I took matters into my own hand, I might clear the barrier with one blow, and with a sudden shifting of my position I threw the weight of my nerves into my right arm and struck out.

My fist took the man fair in the temple. I doubt if he ever knew what struck him, for he went down with no other sound than that occasioned by the fall of his body.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOVE TAVERN.

I had never before and have never since in cold blood struck violently an unarmed man. God knows I recoiled as I felt the plates of this fellow's skull give beneath my fist, and, though I knew my act to be a righteous one, and that had I been discovered I would have had a foot of cold steel in my vitals, I could not at once overcome the feeling of having committed murder.

Whether or not the man was a sentinel I could not tell. The shiftless way of leaning his gun against a tree and humming made me doubt it, but it mattered little—he was an obstacle whose removal was necessary. I was fairly sure there was more to overcome beyond, but resolved to try strategy in passing unless driven to open violence, and even then my fist should not be my mainstay. With my temper inflamed, it boded ill for the man who crossed me; with my pulses slow and even, it went against my grain to spill human blood, especially that of one doing his duty, and this fact alone would have made me a poor soldier for the ranks.

Now I unshipped my sword, drew my cloak about me, and walked on as openly as though I was an officer of "grand rounds." It was miserable going. In the darkness I seemed to find and stub every stone and shoot into as many brambles as might be discovered in a ten-acre wood lot. I passed unchallenged through the shallow ravine, and was wondering if by chance I had already cleared the lines, when the works of an advanced redoubt rose against the dim sky, and at the same instant there came the ring of a musket and a voice called: "Halt! Who's there?"

It was not my plan to halt, or answer either, for that matter. I had located the voice to the right, but could see no one, and was fairly sure that only the noise of my progress had been marked, and not myself. Therefore I swung toward the left and hurried along as rapidly and silently as I could, soon having the pleasure of hearing the sentinel stumble across my trail some distance in the rear.

I had now the redoubt to flank, and, as the woods had been cut down at its front as well as on either side, there was an open space for me to traverse. Here I lowered my dignity by getting on to all-fours, and, holding my blade betwixt my teeth, I crept slowly onward, taking advantage of every stump and fallen tree as a post to halt and listen. But these latter were none too frequent, and I used at least an hour in getting the few hundred feet which lay between the works and the abatis protecting them. Having gained the abatis, I rose and felt my way through the tangled branches of the felled timber, making a deal of noise I thought, but finally got past and into the woods beyond. These woods proved to be but a strip, and a narrow one at that, for I soon came to a road which served me only in showing my location, as I knew of one crossing from the Kingsbridge road to another leading to the village of Greenwich.

I was well satisfied with myself and my progress, considering that the worst was

"Get away—out of the window."

passed, but my pride underwent a sudden fall when, as I was putting my leg over the snake fence, a voice came out of the darkness:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend, but without countersign. Where are you?" I returned, easily, though I made a mighty start.

"Then stay where you be, or I fire!"

"Very good! Come to me," I answered, swinging myself back and retreating to a tree near by, and from that to another.

It gave me infinite relief to hear the tramp of a horse, and know the man was a mounted vidette, and in the course of a few seconds he went by me to where I had answered him, though by then I had retreated along the line of the road and was 40 feet away. Halting his horse, he again challenged, but, on receiving no answer, fired his pistol into the woods and began cursing like a pirate.

I knew there would be trouble now, and, indeed, the echo of the shot had scarce died away when I heard galloping coming from either direction as his fellows hastened to join him. It would not do for me to linger in the vicinity, so I leaped the fence and crossed the highway above him, gaining the opposite timber just before another horseman swept by toward the point of alarm.

At this juncture I thanked my stars for three things: First, for the wet and blackness of the night; second, that the lines I had run were the third or inner lines, comparatively illy guarded and but half-manned, established to be used only in case of the fall of the outer defenses; and, third, that my present destination lay not beyond the next obstruction. I never would have dared attempt the passage of the "barrier gates," as they were called, a strong and continuous work across the neck of land below Fort Washington; and even had this been possible, the outpost of the British army at Kingsbridge would have floored anything without a pass or wings. There, in the face of the army of Washington, now but a few miles distant, it would have become almost a matter of creeping betwixt the legs of the sentinels.

I was not possessed with a great curiosity regarding the outcome of the trouble I had raised on the road, and got myself away from its locality as rapidly as was consistent with rough ground, thickly growing trees and underbrush and pitchy darkness. I felt I was safe at last, safe from immediate disaster, and then awoke to the fact that, save from being warm instead of cold, I was in about as miserable a position as any man unhurt and shaking a free foot could well be. I had eaten but little during the day, and a man of my size and activity soon hungers, though as yet my hunger had not become a serious matter. I was drenching, without shelter and without prospect of shelter, and miles from any possibility of a helping hand. To stumble onward might land me in some difficulty from which I could not easily recover. I was now at a distance from the cross road, and knew not if I was bearing out of my line northward or toward one of the two great highways, to approach either of which was fraught with the greatest danger.

Therefore I determined to settle where I was until a glimmer of dawn should show me my way onward. I had no choice of spots, and so sat me down on the stump I had but just fallen over, and, drawing my cloak about my head, simulated the extremest patience of Job, who, for all his troubles, had never been beset as was I.

Not for an instant did I nod or cease my watchfulness through all the long hours. The rain, noted for its impartiality, seemed to belie the adage and focus on me as though I sat beneath a gargoyle. Toward daylight, which came none too early, the heat had gone from my blood, and something like a chill took its place, and with the first sign of lividness in the clouds above I set out, more from an instinct toward flight than from any definite plan. The Dove was my destination, but it was only to be approached by night, and it was scarce an hour's walk from where I sat. Nothing could be gained by wandering aimlessly, yet such was the spirit of flight within me that even movement partook of the nature of safety, and the loadstone attracting me lay still to the northward. Toward the north, then, I turned.

The birds had begun to stir in their nests and twitter sleepily as I came to the edge of the woods and beheld the checker of farm fields and woodland from the elevation on which I was standing, a fine-drawn mist so blurring the distance that it seemed infinite. I went on, and by sunrise crossed the Minetta water, striking westward that I might get into the wilderness above Greenwich, reaching that almost primeval forest toward noon.

But it is useless to follow my old trail here. I did it years after with great satisfaction to myself, calling up a cloud of memories that brought back my lost youth, albeit it brought (as it does now) a mist before my eyes as well. Through that afternoon I wandered well toward Bloomingdale, and as the shadows fell, cut eastward near the old Apthorp mansion and across the wild land which lies a beautiful waste about the center of the island. [Now Central Park.]

I was now close to the Kingsbridge road again, and not half a mile from the Dove. The storm had cleared with the going down of the sun, leaving the air cool and pleasant, but, though I am a lover of nature and prone to mark the effect of storm and sunshine, I remember little of this evening save that it was a gorgeous one, with a moon, something less than half-grown, swimming in the sky like a cleft coin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FELT OF A MAN-EATER.

The Thrilling Experience of a Blind Native of India with a Wild Tiger.

This is a story of a blind man who, unarmed, laid his hand upon a free tiger and lived, unhurt, to tell the tale; lived to wish that he were dead. It is the most extraordinary adventure even in the thrilling annals of beast-ridden India.

The tiger was a man-eater of Mysore, for which the government had offered a reward of 500 rupees.

Many were his exploits. He would bound into a crowd of travelers on the high road and bear one of them away, or snatch the driver from the seat of a creaking bullock cart.

He would even enter villages and break into huts with great blows of his powerful paws and drag forth his prey.

There was a poor Dher, a low-caste man, who was not allowed to live in the village, but dwelt with his wife and baby in a low hut on its outskirts. He was poor, extremely poor, and blind.

One night this man was waked by a strange shuffling, snuffling noise in the hut.

Upon the nameless odors of an Indian interior two new smells impressed themselves. He knew what they meant later.

The man called; no voice answered. Night was as day in his sightless eyes. He crawled about the hut with a blind man's noiseless step, feeling his way with tremulous extended hand.

He neared the corner of the hut where his wife lay, prone upon the floor, and stooped. Wrist deep his inquiring hand thrust itself into deep fur.

In a flash he knew; he had heard and smelled the tiger in his hut; had punched the great man-eater's ribs. He waited for death.

One startled instant the tiger waited, then bounded from the hut, quick to suspect danger in the blind man's apparently bold advance, leaving the man unscathed.

The Dher was left alone. Lower he stooped, until his hands rested upon the lifeless forms of his wife and child; were dabbled with the red blood that gushed from their mangled bodies where the great brute's noiseless paw had fallen.—Wide World Magazine.

A Charitable Girl.

"Miss Cutting," began young Softleigh, "foh some time I—aw have been sewously thinking, doncher know, and as a wesult, I—aw have half a mind—"

"Well," interrupted Miss Cutting, "that is more than any of your acquaintances credit you with, but I'll be real charitable and concede you that much; so pray say no more about it."—Chicago Daily News.

Levity.

Here the lecturer grew earnest.

"I am convinced," he exclaimed, "that the woman who does her own cooking is more likely to find a place among the angels than the woman who doesn't."

Now a voice obtruded itself harshly.

"If she cooks with gasoline," said the voice.—Boston Journal.

Wanted a Trustful Public.

Reformer—But don't you think that public office should be a public trust?

Statesman—Why, certainly! I don't believe in investigation committees, or anything like that!—Puck.

Gave Herself Away.

"When did they discover that the burglar was a woman?"

"When she looked in the glass to see if her mask was on straight."—Tit-Bits.

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Penn—Yes. It left England, it left America and left the cup.—Chicago Evening News.

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Somehow baldness is far more contagious than goodness.—Chicago Daily News.

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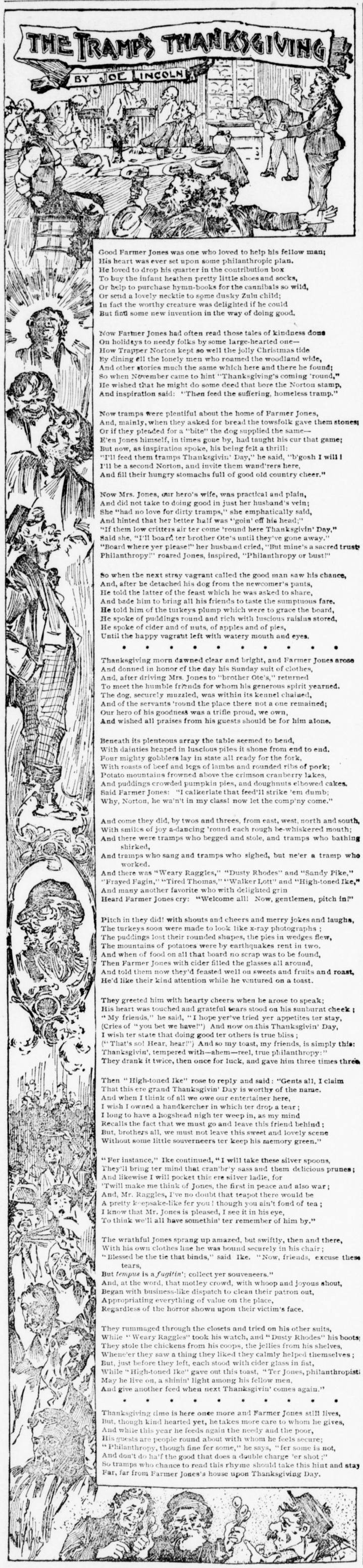


Good Farmer Jones was one who loved to help his fellow man;
His heart was ever set upon some philanthropic plan.
He loved to drop his quarter in the contribution box
To buy the infant heathen pretty little shoes and socks,
Or help to purchase hymn-books for the cannibals so wild,
Or send a lovely necktie to some dusky Zulu child;
In fact the worthy creature was delighted if he could
But find some new invention in the way of doing good.

Now Farmer Jones had often read those tales of kindness done
On holidays to needy folks by some large-hearted one—
How Trapper Norton kept so well the jolly Christmas tide
By dining all the lonely men who roamed the woodland wide,
And other stories much the same which here and there he found;
So when November came to hint "Thanksgiving's coming 'round,"
He wished that he might do some deed that bore the Norton stamp,
And inspiration said: "Then feed the suffering, homeless tramp."

Now tramps were plentiful about the home of Farmer Jones,
And, mainly, when they asked for bread the towsfolk gave them stones;
Or if they pleaded for a "bite" the dog supplied the same—
E'en Jones himself, in times gone by, had taught his cur that game;
But now, as inspiration spoke, his being felt a thrill:
"I'll feed them tramps Thanksgivin' Day," he said, "b'gosh I will I
I'll be a second Norton, and invite them wand'rers here,
And fill their hungry stomachs full of good old country cheer."

Now Mrs. Jones, our hero's wife, was practical and plain,
And did not take to doing good in just her husband's vein;
She "had no love for dirty tramps," she emphatically said,
And hinted that her better half was "goin' off his head;"
"If them low critters air ter come 'round here Thanksgivin' Day,"
Said she, "I'll board 'er brother Ote's until they've gone away."
"Board where yer please!" her husband cried, "But mine's a sacred trust;
Philanthropy!" roared Jones, inspired, "Philanthropy or bust!"

So when the next stray vagrant called the good man saw his chance,
And, after he detached his dog from the newcomer's pants,
He told the latter of the feast which he was asked to share,
And bade him to bring all his friends to taste the sumptuous fare.
He told him of the turkeys plump which were to grace the board,
He spoke of puddings round and rich with luscious raisins stored,
He spoke of cider and of nuts, of apples and of pies,
Until the happy vagrant left with watery mouth and eyes.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Thanksgiving morn dawned clear and bright, and Farmer Jones arose
And donned in honor of the day his Sunday suit of clothes,
And, after driving Mrs. Jones to "brother Ote's," returned
To meet the humble friends for whom his generous spirit yearned.
The dog, securely muzzled, was within its kennel chained,
And of the servants 'round the place there not a one remained;
Our hero of his goodness was a trifle proud, we own,
And wished all praises from his guests should be for him alone.

Beneath its plenteous array the table seemed to bend,
With dainties heaped in luscious piles it shone from end to end.
Four mighty gobblers lay in state all ready for the fork,
With roasts of beef and legs of lambs and rounded ribs of pork;
Potato mountains frowned above the crimson cranberry lakes,
And puddings crowded pumpkin pies, and doughnuts elbowed cakes.
Said Farmer Jones: "I calkerlate that feed'll strike 'em dumb;
Why, Norton, he wa'n't in my class! now let the comp'ny come."

And come they did, by twos and threes, from east, west, north and south,
With smiles of joy a-dancing 'round each rough be-whiskered mouth;
And there were tramps who begged and stole, and tramps who bathing shirked,
And tramps who sang and tramps who sighed, but ne'er a tramp who worked.
And there was "Weary Raggles," "Dusty Rhodes" and "Sandy Pike,"
"Frayed Fagin," "Tired Thomas," "Walker Lott" and "High-toned Ike,"
And many another favorite who with delighted grin
Heard Farmer Jones cry: "Welcome all! Now, gentlemen, pitch in!"

Pitch in they did! with shouts and cheers and merry jokes and laughs,
The turkeys soon were made to look like x-ray photographs;
The puddings lost their rounded shapes, the pies in wedges flew,
The mountains of potatoes were by earthquakes rent in two.
And when of food on all that board no scrap was to be found,
Then Farmer Jones with cider filled the glasses all around,
And told them now they'd feasted well on sweets and fruits and roast,
He'd like their kind attention while he ventured on a toast.

They greeted him with hearty cheers when he arose to speak;
His heart was touched and grateful tears stood on his sunburnt cheek;
"My friends," he said, "I hope yer've tried yer appetites ter stay,
(Cries of "you bet we have!") And now on this Thanksgivin' Day,
I wish ter state that doing good ter others is true bliss;
("That's so! Hear, hear!") And so my toast, my friends, is simply this:
Thanksgivin', tempered with—ahem—reel, true philanthropy:"
They drank it twice, then once for luck, and gave him three times three.

Then "High-toned Ike" rose to reply and said: "Gents all, I claim
That this ere grand Thanksgivin' Day is worthy of the name.
And when I think of all we owe our entertainer here,
I wish I owned a handkercher in which ter drop a tear;
I long to have a hogshead nigh ter weep in, as my mind
Recalls the fact that we must go and leave this friend behind;
But, brothers all, we must not leave this sweet and lovely scene
Without some little souverneers ter keep his memory green."

"Fer instance," Ike continued, "I will take these silver spoons,
They'll bring ter mind that cran'br'y sass and them delicious prunes;
And likewise I will pocket this ere silver ladle, for
'Twill make me think of Jones, the first in peace and also war;
And, Mr. Raggles, I've no doubt that teapot there would be
A pretty keepsake-like fer you! though you ain't fond of tea;
I know that Mr. Jones is pleased, I see it in his eye,
To think we'll all have somethin' ter remember of him by."

The wrathful Jones sprang up amazed, but swiftly, then and there,
With his own clothes line he was bound securely in his chair;
"Blessed be the tie that binds," said Ike. "Now, friends, excuse these tears,
But *tempus* is a *fugitin'*; collect yer souveneers."
And, at the word, that motley crowd, with whoop and joyous shout,
Began with business-like dispatch to clean their patron out,
Appropriating everything of value on the place,
Regardless of the horror shown upon their victim's face.

They rummaged through the closets and tried on his other suits,
While "Weary Raggles" took his watch, and "Dusty Rhodes" his boots;
They stole the chickens from his coops, the jellies from his shelves,
Whene'er they saw a thing they liked they calmly helped themselves;
But, just before they left, each stood with cider glass in fist,
While "High-toned Ike" gave out this toast, "Ter Jones, philanthropist!
May he live on, a shinin' light among his fellow men,
And give another feed when next Thanksgivin' comes again."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Thanksgiving dime is here once more and Farmer Jones still lives,
But, though kind hearted yet, he takes more care to whom he gives,
And while this year he feeds again the needy and the poor,
His guests are people round about with whom he feels secure;
"Philanthropy, though fine fer some," he says, "fer some is not,
And don't do half the good that does a double charge 'er shot;"
So tramps who chance to read this rhyme should take this hint and stay
Far, far from Farmer Jones's house upon Thanksgiving Day.

HOBART IS DEAD.

The Vice President Succumbs to a Lingering Illness.

The Funeral Will Take Place at Paterson, N. J., on Saturday—Senator Frye, of Maine, Will Preside Over the Senate Until March 4, 1901.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 22.—Vice President Hobart died at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday. The family and physicians were at Mr. Hobart's bedside when he expired. The vice president had been failing since late Monday afternoon, although the reports given out at the house were that he was holding his own.

Soon after midnight he became unconscious and remained in that condition until his death. Before Mr. Hobart became unconscious he was able to converse with Mrs. Hobart about some private affairs. He was very patient and showed his remarkable will power up to the last.

VICE PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART.

Mr. Hobart was born in Monmouth county, N. J., June 2, 1844. He entered Rutgers college in 1860 and graduated in 1863. Thereafter he taught school until he entered the law office of Socrates Tuttle, of Paterson, N. J. He was admitted to the bar in 1869 and began the practice of law with Mr. Tuttle. He became the clerk of the grand jury in 1865 and was appointed city counsel of Paterson in 1871. He was elected counsel for the board of chosen freeholders in 1872 and was elected to the legisfature in 1873. He was re-elected to the assembly in 1874 and was made speaker in 1876. He entered the senate of New Jersey in 1879 and in 1881 was elected speaker of that body. In 1876 New Jersey sent him as a delegate-at-large to the national republican convention and again in 1880 the same honor was bestowed upon him. He was elected a member of the national republican committee in 1884 and served continuously upon that body until 1896, when he was nominated for the vice presidency of the United States.

By the death of Mr. Hobart Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, becomes president pro tem of the senate and will discharge all the duties of the vice president as presiding officer of that body. The senate rules provide that no election is necessary at the beginning of the session. Senator Frye accordingly will continue as presiding officer till the end of President McKinley's administration, unless he chooses to resign, or the senate wishes to elect another senator to the office.

A curious coincidence of the death of Vice President Hobart is found in the fact that of the six vice presidents who have died in office four died within a few days of the same day of the month, the death of Mr. Hobart being the 21st of November, 1899; that of Mr. Wilson the 22d of November, 1875; that of Elbridge Gerry, November 23, 1814, and that of Mr. Hendricks November 25, 1885. The other two vice presidents who died in office were Clinton and King. The former died April 20, 1812, and the latter April 17, 1853.

By law the succession to the presidency of the United States in the event of vacancy falls upon the vice president, and in the event of the latter's death, to the secretary of state, the next in line being the secretary of the treasury, then the secretary of war, and down through the list of cabinet officers in order of precedent fixed by act of congress when the death of Vice President Hendricks disclosed the necessity of such a provision.

New York, Nov. 23.—The funeral of the late Garret A. Hobart will take place on Saturday. The morning services at the residence will be attended by only the members of Mr. Hobart's family, President McKinley and his cabinet and Mr. Hobart's most intimate friends. At the Church of the Redeemer in Paterson the public service will be held at 2:30 p. m. The body will not lie in state in the city hall, as was desired by the city authorities, but on Friday afternoon the casket will be opened in the library of his home and for three hours the public may view the face of the late vice president.

A Successful Test.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 23.—A successful test of wireless telegraphy under the Johnson-Fortier system was given last night. Messages were sent 150 feet and through half a dozen partitions in a leading hotel. The apparatus used in the sending and receiving of messages consists of the ordinary key and sounder in connection with an induction or spark coil. The system is altogether different from Marconi's invention.

Reserved a Life Interest.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The deed transferring the Dewey home from Admiral and Mrs. Dewey to the admiral's son George was recorded yesterday in the office of the recorder of deeds. A life interest in the property is reserved by Admiral Dewey and his wife.

A Loving Cup for Schley.

New York, Nov. 23.—A solid silver loving cup was received Wednesday at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, for Rear Admiral Schley. It came from the citizens of St. Louis and was sent to the admiral's flagship, the Chicago.

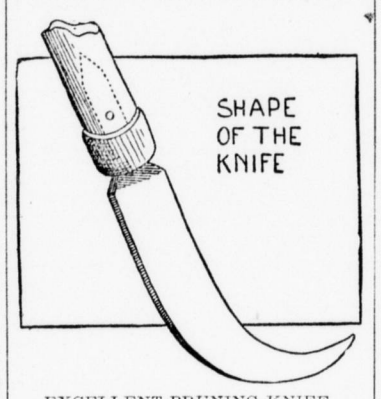
HANDY PRUNING KNIFE.

Especially Adapted for Cutting Out the Old Wood of Strawberry and Raspberry Plants.

Anyone having tried to cut out the old wood of raspberries and blackberries without a proper tool knows that the job is anything but a pleasant one. Various-shaped knives are in use.

I have seen more hook-shaped and V-shaped knives than any other kind. But such knives cut hard. The force necessary to cut an old woody cane is sometimes quite enough to pull up a whole raspberry plant. To make cutting easy one should draw the knife across the object to be cut. A slice of beefsteak may be shaved off much easier by a drawing cut than by pressure squarely against it with the knife, however sharp it may be. If the same principle could be applied to the old wood of our berry plantations something would be gained.

I have lately come across a knife that works well. I have tested it, and find



EXCELLENT PRUNING KNIFE.

it superior to anything else I have seen. Looking at the accompanying illustration one might suppose a knife of such shape would slip off instead of cutting. But that is not so. In testing it one will be surprised how nicely it will do the cutting. It will slip just enough to give the drawing motion, and thus it will sever the hard cane from the stub with the least outlay of strength.

The illustration represents the shape of the knife exactly as it should be. A good blacksmith should be able to make one out of a worn-out flat file. It should be inserted in an old hoe-handle, or something of that order, and be keyed on as shown. A leather loop may be nailed to the wooden handle about half-way up to prevent the hand from slipping on the handle, but this is not essential.

Gathering up the old wood and the trimmings is another unpleasant feature of berry culture. Here, also, the right tool will facilitate the work. The best thing I know of is a rake made out of a worn-out wheelrake, such as encumber many a farm. An enterprising farmer's boy of mechanical turn will be able to construct one without much trouble. It should be made narrow enough to work easily between the rows, and the two straight handles should be bolted on and left sticking out behind to guide and lift the tool by. A ten-acre field may be gone over with such a rake in one day, leaving all the brush at the ends of the rows. It is pretty hard work to run the tool.—F. Greiner, in Farm and Fireside.

BACTERIA AND FLAVOR.

Useful and Practical Information Placed in the Possession of Dairymen by Science.

Probably in no department of research is a greater amount of investigation going forward and valuable data and actual discovery being made than in dairy science; and while some of the discoveries have been of little or no value, a wonderful amount of useful and practical material has been placed in the hands of the dairymen, says Mark Lane Express. Among the new things announced, since it has been shown how nearly ferments and flavors in butter are associated, is that if certain acids are added to sweet cream it is not necessary to wait for the development of lactic acid bacteria in the cream, but that it could be churned at once, and churned quite readily, and the true flavor secured. Investigators have been at work on this problem, and an announcement of the results has been made. The most satisfactory result came from using hydrochloric acid diluted in twice its bulk of water, and adding this in small quantities to the sweet cream. Everything was satisfactory, except that the butter had no aroma, though it was pronounced fair and good by the judges. The butter kept well, and had a water content of 12½ per cent.; but the low flavor was against it, though not a trace of acid was to be detected, or found by analysis. About the most important thing brought out was that butter seems to be fully dependent upon bacteria for true flavor, rather than the food, provided that the latter is wholesome and not of a character to impart obnoxious flavors to the milk, which after all could not be called butter flavor in any sense of the word.

The cow that is kindly treated and quietly handled gains what is known in human society as an "elegant repose of manner" that, in her, tends to a good flow of wholesome milk.

The cleaner and neater the appearance of the package and fruit the quicker it will catch the eyes of the buyer.

THE ICE MACHINE'S PART.

At Last There Has Been a New Feature Introduced Into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

There is a new wrinkle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" theatrical companies. One of them, which is ransacking the state of New Jersey for audiences, has hit upon the device of buying a refrigerating machine and using real blocks of ice in the scene in which Eliza, pursued by a pack of barking mongrels, crosses the river carrying in her arms a stuffed doll.

The icemaking machine has proved an enormous success. At the Ridgewood opera house, where the ice machine played a few evenings ago, a frantic crowd fought its way through the doors. At the first performances the ice machine was kept in the background. Several cakes were manufactured before the performance and placed on the green baize river. They were carefully sanded on the surface, so that when Eliza made her grand dash for liberty she would not turn undignified somersaults. The ice machine, however, had been so largely advertised that yokels wanted to see it. They sat in their places after the curtain descended upon the solemn death of Little Eva and howled for the ice machine to come out and show itself. The stage manager and a couple of deck hands had to carry it down to the footlights. Then they turned the handle and, amid uproarous applause, the machine produced a cake of real ice.

Since then a part has been written in the play for the ice machine. When the river scene opens a couple of southern speculators are discovered experimenting with the machine. They produce their ice, and not having any immediate use for it turn it into the river, and it sits upon the river surface at proper intervals to accommodate Eliza's footsteps. A colored man comes out and sprinkles sand over the ice in full view of the audience.—Chicago Chronicle.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

"East Lynne" as Reviewed by a Wild and Woolly Topeka Reporter.

The reports from those who attended the production of "East Lynne" in all its gorgeous misconception the other night unite in pronouncing it a little the worst show that has ever cracked 14 square yards of plastering off the ceiling of the opera house in this city. Lady Isabel was about as bewitching as a sun-kissed maiden of Senegambia, and a man who would fall in love with her would fall into a coal pit through a two-inch guard rail. When she returned from the mountains of Germany as Miss Vane to play the nursery maid to her son she looked as though she had played hookey from a smallpox graveyard. The special scenery where she met Sir Francis Levison and made a post-mortem contract to run away with him looked like a cross between the malaria-smeared hills of Arkansas and a diseased vermiform appendix.

Mr. Carlyle had a voice which had to be raised with a derrick in order for the people in the back part of the audience to hear it, and then when it was at its highest pitch the tackle would break or some one would knock the blocking from under it and it would fall like the price of steers during a democratic administration. Barbara Hare looked as though she had been left over from a bargain sale and didn't care much whether her insurance ran out or not. Aunt Cornelia had a voice that sounded like a cross between an army mule with a ringworm and a cross-cut saw, and was built a good deal like an Oklahoma cyclone on stilts. The only good thing about the entire show that a good deal of it was left out and it could have been improved upon by taking a meat ax and cutting out the rest of it and turning the actors into the cornfields and kitchens where they belong.—Topeka Journal.

The Life Saver of Children.

is Hoxsie's Croup Cure. It is the only safe and sure cure for croup and pneumonia. No opium to stupefy. No ipecac to nauseate. 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a queer structure.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people say a great deal, but talk very little.—Chicago Daily News.

A Mean Revenge.

"What did Dobbley do with that portrait of you he painted?"

"The one I declined to take?"

"Yes."

"The brute sent it to the exhibition as the 'Portrait of a Gent.'"—Harlem Life.

His Experience.

"Have you ever played football?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stampeded steers."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Coffee for Breakfast.

Doctor—Dyspepsia, eh! You want to drink a cup of hot water first thing every morning.

Patient—I always do. My boarding mistress invariably serves coffee for breakfast.—Philadelphia Record.

Better Than Love Drops.

Miss Long—In this cold and practical age nobody seems to have the least confidence in love potions.

Mr. Quick—No; diamonds have been found infinitely more potent.—Jewelers' Weekly.

On the Boulevard.

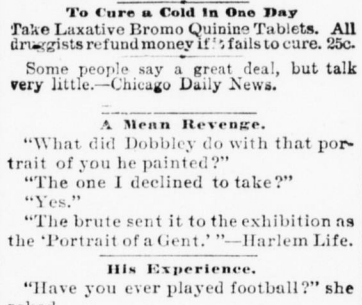
First Bicyclist—Mamma says I must not get engaged to every Tom, Dick and Harry I meet.

Second Bicyclist—Oh, that's all right. My name is Bob, you know.—Judge.

A Slow Process.

Nodd—Has your boy got over his college course yet?

Todd—Not yet. I imagine it will be some years before he learns to treat me as an equal.—Broklyn Life.



Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the Whiskers
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

A Most Extraordinary Club.

Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot, of New York, editor of the Clubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a demure and dignified little woman of seven, the daughter of a club president. The editor called one day, and was received by her little friend with open arms.

"At last I've got a chair," she said.

"I am very glad," my dear," said the editor. "I hope it is comfortable and pretty."

"Oh, it is not for me; it is for my club."

"I didn't know you had a club."

"Of course I have—just like mamma. My dolly is president, and I got the chair for her. You see," she explained, in a whisper, "there's only dollies in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise is president, just like mamma's club. That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. I broked the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's president. Don't you think that's nice?"

And Mrs. Talbot said she did.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Palace on Wheels

is a somewhat hackneyed term as applied to railroad trains, but it accurately describes the Alton Limited, the newly equipped day trains of the Chicago & Alton R. R. Co. which were placed in daily service between Chicago and St. Louis, November 16, 1899. The equipment consists of standard Chicago & Alton passenger locomotive; United States postal car, sixty-six feet in length; combination passenger and baggage car, combination parlor chair car and coach, Chicago & Alton parlor chair car; cafe and buffet smoking car and Pullman parlor observation car, each of which is seventy-two feet six inches in length. The framing of all these cars is Pullman standard with Empire decks, wide vestibules, standard steel platforms and anti-telescoping device. All of the cars are lighted with electric lights except the mail car and combination passenger coach and baggage car, which are lighted with Pintsch gas. The windows throughout the entire train are of uniform width, the Gothic lights above being of the new Pullman standard. The ornamentation is of special design, the color scheme being maroon. Great care has been used in the selection of plushes and woods for the interior, and the lamps, metal furnishings, etc., are of special design. It is claimed that there has never been built in America a train which has received as much attention as to constructive details as has The Alton Limited. An examination of this superb train certainly bears out this claim.

"Oh, yes, he hates all women." "I wonder what particular woman he began with?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Many People Cannot Drink

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate; it nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

The great trouble seems to be that bad luck is natural, while people are compelled to work for good luck.—Atchison Globe.

North Carolina.

Reliable information concerning the climate, farming, trucking, fruit, mineral and timbered lands in North Carolina will be furnished to those applying to John W. Thompson, Assistant Commissioner, Raleigh, N. C. With its unsurpassed climate and its undeveloped resources, North Carolina is to be the bonanza of the future. It presents many attractions to home seekers.

For real genuine sarcastic comment, you are referred to the tombstones in the cemetery.—Atchison Globe.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

It is only in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the crook should always be on mischief bent.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64,492]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever.

"For eight years I was a great sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women."—MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sanative Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."—MRS. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

Two famous pictures

printed in ten colors, ready for framing, will be given free to any person who will send a quarter for Three Months' subscription to Demorest's Family Magazine, the great paper for home life. Thousands subscribe for Demorest's as a gift to their daughters. Demorest's is the great American authority on Fashions. For forty years it has been read in the best families of America, and has done more to educate women in true love of good literature than any other magazine. The special offer of these two great pictures and Three Months' subscription to Demorest's for 25c. is made for 60 days only.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment **Free**. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.

396 to 408 Main St.—American Block,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

Our stock of new dress fabrics in black and colors is now complete and we are showing the largest and best collection in the city and at the lowest prices.

Among the particularly attractive things for early fall note the following:

36-inch silk and wool granite and cashmere plaids in new color effects, 35c yard, worth 50c.

36-inch all-wool camel's hair plaids, choice color combinations, splendid quality at 50c yard.

46-inch German all-wool, silk-finished Henrietta in street and evening shades, regular 75c quality for 59c yard.

46-inch all-wool French whipcords, in the most desirable fall shades, 59c yard, worth 75c.

52-inch all-wool, Venetian suitings, 56-inch homespun suitings, 54-inch knickerbocker tweeds and 52-inch shrunken cheviots, all new and superior weaves in this season's colors, special value, 75c yard.

52-inch all-wool fine broadcloths and Venitian cloths in a superb line of street and evening shades. These are among the stylish weaves this season, prices $1.00 to $3.50 yard.

Elegant new plaids, camel'-hair cloths, homespuns lamb's woolsuitings and broadcloths, 46 to 56 inches wide, prices $1.00 to $2.50 yard. This includes the grandest stock of plaid dress fabrics ever shown in Buffalo.

Tailor suitings and cloths in all the fashionable weaves of the season, including a larger line of double-faced golf cloths, $1.00 to $7.00 yard.

Black dress goods of every description. Beautiful black crepons at moderate prices.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.,

The American Block.

BUFFALO, N. Y

WE ARE READY FOR

Winter? Are You?

R. SEGER & SON,

Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHIERS.

We took time by the forelock and made our purchases of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

Thereby securing the cream of the market. Times are not as they used to be—"the early bird catches the worm." Our customers shall have the benefit. In clothing we have secured the very popular

SCHLOSS BRO'S & CO.'S BALTIMORE CLOTHING.

This firm manufactures the best goods in the market and we are pleased to show our customers their clothing.

STYLISH HATS.

When we say we have the most stylish line of late fall and all-winter shapes in Hats we mean just what we say. We have never yet seen a larger or better line in this county.

ALL UP-TO-DATE,

We have recently disposed of all old goods and our present line has been selected new in every department.

R. SEGER & SON.

Emporium, Pa

TRUSTWORTHY STORE.

Dry Goods

GENERAL STORE

We carry an elegant assortment of Carpets and when in need of anything in this line come and see us.

In Corsets we handle the R. & G., Dr. Warner's Fetherbone and W. B. Cyclist.

Men's, Ladies' and Childrens' Underwear in cotton and wool.

We have an elegant assortment of China Ware and our prices are bound to sell the goods.

BALCOM & LLOYD.

Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa.

HONEST DEALING.

ALL SORTS.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers purify the blood, clean the liver, invigorate the system. Famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

The lazy man never has a chance to rest on his laurels.

Mrs. R. Churchill, Berlin, Vt., says: "Our baby was covered with running sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her." A specific for piles and skin diseases. Beware of worthless counterfeits. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

A football player can't kick if he is put out of the game.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs and grew worse. I used Kodol Dyspesia Cure. That cured me." It digests what you eat. Cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

When the floor walker becomes a father he has to work overtime.

J. B. Clark, Peoria, Ill., says, "Surgens wanted to operate on me for piles, but I cured them with DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve." It is infallible for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

The child is wiser in his simplicity than the philosopher in his wisdom.

Mr. J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., saved his child's life by One Minute Cough Cure. Doctors had given her up to die with croup. It's an infallible cure for coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, bronchitis and throat and lung troubles. Relieves at once. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

The sexton makes a grave mistake when he digs it in the wrong lot.

Miss Annie E. Gunning, Tyre, Mich., says, "I suffered a long time from dyspepsia; lost flesh and became very weak. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure completely cured me." It digests what you eat and cures all forms of stomach trouble. It never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

Electric doorbells have done away with a great deal of wire pulling.

It takes but a minute to overcome tickling in the throat and to stop a cough by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. This remedy quickly cures all forms of throat and lung troubles. Harmless and pleasant to take. It prevents consumption. A famous specific for grippe and its after effects. R. C. Dodson. 8ly

About the saddest sight we ever saw was a fat man trying to look cute.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequaled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. R. C. Dodson.

When the drop curtain goes down men go out and put down another drop.

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the day time, irritability of temper, sleepless nights, general debility, headache, and general want of tone of the system, use Herbine. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cts. L. Taggart. nov

Does her family tree have anything to do with waking a woman willowy?

Constipation means the accumulation of waste matter that should be discharged daily, and unless this is done the foul matter is absorbed and poisons the system. Use Herbine to bring about regularity of the bowels. Price 50 cts. L. Taggart. nov

"I am downright nice," thought the new walk. "In fact I'm a brick."

Infant mortality is something frightful. Nearly one-quarter die before they reach one year, one third before they are five, and one half before they are fifteen! The timely use of White's Cream Vermifuge would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25cts. L. Taggart. nov

If a quartmaster has a better half what becomes of the other quarter.

For burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, or injuries of any description, Ballard's Snow Liniment is a sovereign remedy. It never fails to do good, and so promptly that its wonderful curative properties frequently create surprise. Price 25 and 50 cts. L. Taggart. nov

Many a man has lost a lot of money through the hole in the top of his pocket.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by L. Taggart, Druggist. nov

The sword-swallower cannot be in need of anything to sharpen his appetite.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Veryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholery and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by L. Taggart, Druggist. nov

If you have sore throat, soreness across the back or side, or your lungs feel sore or tender, or you are threatened with diphtheria or pneumonia, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment externally, and use Ballard's Horehound Syrup. L. Taggart. nov

It is an easy matter for some real estate dealers to make mountains of mole hills.

Thousands of men and women suffer from piles, especially women with female weakness have this suffering to contend with in addition to their other pains. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will quickly effect a cure. Price, 50cts, in bottles, tubes 75 cts. L. Taggart. nov

When you can't make head or tail of a man's intentions he must be a bad penny.

Chamberlain,s Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicine and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by L. Taggart, Druggist. nov

Some people think cyclers are cranks just because they make wheels go 'round.

Black Diphtheria.

Two cases reported last month and both were successfully treated with Armstrong's Diphtheria and Quinsy Drops. Remember the "Ounce of prevention." Keep these Drops at hand and use in time. Sold by druggists.

COPPERHEAD SNAKE BITE.—A boy near Hammodsville, O., was bitten, and after two hours suffering Armstrong's "I cure U" was used. It stopped the pain, drew out the poison and saved the boy's life. For pain, internal and external, this remedy has no equal. Ask for Armstrong's "I cure U". 6ly.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on two 25 cent bottles or boxes of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, if it fails to cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, loss of appetite, sour stomach, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or any of the diseases for which it is recommeded. It is highly recommended as a tonic and blood purifier. Sold liquid in bottles, and tablets in boxes. Price 25 cents for either. One package of either guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. L. Taggart, R. C. Dodson. 34-24-ly

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The Cure that Cures

Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

OTTO'S CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY

Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25&50cts

R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

Shadow and Light

Blend most softly and play most effectively over a festive scene when thrown by waxen candles.

The light that heightens beauty's charm, that gives the finished touch to the drawing room or dining room, is the mellow glow of

BANQUET WAX CANDLES

Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.

Manufactured by STANDARD OIL CO.

For sale everywhere.

Keeley Cure

Cures Drunkenness. Cures Drug Users.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 4246 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURG, PA.

Write for free Booklet.

v33n042-ly.

J. A. Fisher,

PRACTICAL

Horse Shoer,

Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES INDIGESTION.

TABLER'S BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

For sale by L. Taggart. 34-1-ly.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

They overcome Weakness, irregularity and omissions, increase vigor and banish "pains of menstruation." They are "LIFE SAVERS" to girls at womanhood, aiding development of organs and body. No known remedy for women equals them. Cannot do harm—life becomes a pleasure. $1.00 PER BOX BY MAIL. Sold by druggists. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Forsale by L. Taggart, Emporium, Pa.

EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable, monthly, regulating medicine. Only harmless and the purest drugs should be used. If you want the best, get

Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills

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